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The Ghost of Harry Dexter White

THREE days after the Republican election defeats, President Eisenhower has surrendered to Senator McCarthy. This is the only possible deduction from the Administration's decision to reopen the case of Harry Dexter White, to launch a personal and unprecedented attack on Mr. Truman, and to give the green light to every witch-hunter in Washington. The Attorney-General's speech last Friday, in which he spoke of the "humiliation" caused by Communist infiltration of the Truman Administration, was designed to distract attention from the Democratic gains last week and to secure a more favourable result in the critical Californian bye-election this Tuesday. By resurrecting the White case, and focusing discredit on the former President, the Republicans have set party controversy on a new and much dirtier course.

What are the facts? Harry Dexter White was a very able economist, who served as assistant to Mr. Morganthau in the U.S. Treasury, and then became the Assistant Secretary. Late in 1945 he was nominated as U.S. executive director of the International Monetary Fund, and on February 6, 1946, his appointment was confirmed by the Senate. On April 9, 1947, Mr. White resigned. Fourteen months later, when Elizabeth Bentley was testifying before the Un-American Activities Committee, she stated that Mr. White had been a member of the Washington "underground" and had transmitted information to Russia. In August, 1948, White was questioned. He denied the charges of disloyalty, protested that his health was affected by the intense cross-examination, and returned home, to die three days later of a heart attack. After his death, a number of former Communists, including Whittaker Chambers, testified in support of Elizabeth Bentley's accusations.

Mr. Brownell, the Attorney-General, now claims that Mr. Truman received two F.B.I. reports on White's "espionage activities"; the first was in December, 1945, before he nominated White to the Monetary Fund post, and the second was in February, 1946, on the eve of White's confirmation by the Senate. Therefore, Mr. Brownell implies, the former President "blindly" connived in the promotion of a spy.

Naturally, there has been competition among the witch-hunters for the publicity that can be reaped from baiting a former President. Mr. Truman and Mr. Byrnes—whose enmity to his former chief has now been carried to the point of bearing witness against him even before the hearing—have been subpoenaed by the House Un-American Committee; General Vaughan, who was Mr. Truman's aide, has been hooked by Senator Jenner's Internal Security Committee; and Senator McCarthy is casting around for some excuse to get into the act.

Now Mr. Truman does not deny that there was some evidence that White was a bad security risk. "As soon as we found White was disloyal," he said last week-end, "we fired him." This was the explanation of White's "resignation" in April, 1947. The F.B.I. reports on White were submitted in late 1945 and early 1946, before the Cold War had begun, and at a time when Mr. Byrnes was even more anxious than the President to do a "business deal" with Moscow. These reports were apparently adverse enough to justify White's removal from the Treasury to the Monetary Fund, where security questions scarcely arose, and from which White could later be allowed to "resign." Such transfers of Communists or suspected Communists have happened in the British Civil Service. It was not the function of the F.B.I. to propose criminal prosecution; like most security reports, the White dossier probably contained material that could not be "verified," being based upon hearsay or on the reports of informers who could not be produced in court.

The ghost of Harry Dexter White is now being used, however, to create a scare at least comparable to the Hiss case. It fits neatly into the pattern of charges that the Democrats were "soft" towards Communism, and that their Administration was

honeycombed with the agents of Moscow. Faced with interim defeats this year, and with the prospect of disaster at next year's mid-term elections, the Republicans have fallen back on the same device that they used in 1948. As the farmers become more discontented and business journals discuss the possibility of a "turndown," something must be done to discredit the ideas of the Fair Deal. Once again, it must be smeared by association with Socialists, Communists, and spies. That is why the President has allowed his advisers to "follow their conscience" and conjure up old spectres to haunt the electorate.

Bermuda II

In announcing the Conference next month with Mr. Eisenhower and M. Laniel, Sir Winston made a gallant attempt to suggest that its outcome might still be the high-level conference with the Russians which he proposed on May 11. We, too, should like to believe this. But *The Times* was probably right last Wednesday when it observed in its leading article that "the accent must fall on efficient organisation of Western defence." The fact is that, when Sir Winston proposed Bermuda I, he still held the diplomatic initiative. With the mould of Cold War apparently shattered, and the whole world aroused by the British peace initiative, Mr. Eisenhower would have found it extremely difficult to oppose high-level talks last June. But now, after five months of sterile diplomatic exchanges, the mood of hope aroused by the Prime Minister has been dissipated on both sides of the Iron Curtain, and the prospects of an agreed settlement either in Korea or in Germany have faded. Bermuda I was proposed with the aim of breaking the East-West deadlock. Bermuda II will be concerned with consolidating the Western strategy for waging Cold War and in particular with persuading the French to concur in German rearmament. Sir Winston still hopes to end his career as a peace-maker, but it looks as though what may well be his last important international conference will merely confirm the policy he proclaimed at Fulton.

Distorting the Russian Note

Strong evidence in support of this pessimistic diagnosis is provided by the treatment accorded by both the Foreign Office and the State Department to the latest Russian Note. Within three hours of receiving the unofficial translation, State Department officials had told the world that the Russians had torpedoed the Lugano Conference; and Mr. Eden echoed their judgment in the Foreign Affairs debate last week. He accused the Russians of laying down unacceptable preconditions; and in reply to an interruption observed that there was now no prospect of unifying Germany by agreement. Since no British newspaper bothered to print the full text of the Russian Note, it is impossible for the public to realise how unwarranted such assertions are. In fact, the Note consists of a very long re-statement of Russia's maximum demands. Of course, these are as unacceptable to the West as our maximum demands are to the Russians. But just as the previous Western Note was careful to lay down no preconditions for Lugano, so too the Russians suggest that the four Foreign Ministers should "*consider the German question, including all the proposals advanced during the course of the preparations for the Conference.*" The only portion of their reply which could possibly be described as a precondition is the paragraph in which they ask for clarification on the question whether the Western Powers propose to begin a Conference on Germany and simultaneously to ratify the E.D.C. The text of this paragraph is obscure, but it would seem to imply that the Kremlin is asking for a postponement of E.D.C. until after the Conference has taken place. If this is a precondition, it is surely not an unreasonable one; and anyway it is a matter on which Mr. Eden could have asked for further information if he really wanted the Conference to take place.

Agricultural Makeshifts

Much of this week's debate on agricultural policy was occupied by arguments—politically important, no doubt, but scarcely *ad rem*—whether Labour Codlin or Tory Short was the farmers' best friend. On the immediate issue of the White Paper, the Government's defence of its proposals did little to dispel the impression that, in pursuing the mutually incompatible aims of security for producers and freedom for dealers and consumers, it has produced a set of unsatisfactory makeshifts. In the case of meat, the import trade is to be restored to private enterprise and the system of auctions "on the hoof" re-established, with all the old scope for rings and knock-outs. Hence it is impossible to estimate how much the maintenance of individual and collective support prices will cost the Treasury; and this hasty dash to freedom is likely also to cause acute dislocation in slaughter-houses. Admittedly, shortage of cold storage space is an obstacle to the immediate establishment of a rational system of dead-weight selling "off the hook"; but both in the case of butcher-meat and bacon (imports of which, incidentally, are still to be a State monopoly lest a completely free market land the Treasury in an intolerable subsidy burden), there would seem to be a clear need for a grading and marketing authority, not necessarily confined solely to producers.

The Crux of Farm Policy

The mechanism of marketing—and in the case of horticultural produce the present structure gives rise to gross waste and inordinate profiteering by middle-men—is only one factor in a larger issue. Neither the present Government nor its Labour predecessor has really faced the question how great a proportion of the national income should be devoted to eliciting output of food—on strategic, balance-of-payments, or social grounds—from marginal producers. In the course of the debate, Mr. Stanley Evans pointed out that, thanks to higher production per cow, Dutch farmers are selling milk at a price 74 per cent. below the British average—with bacon offered at a shilling a pound less than British farmers'; that we are subsidising generously an industry which, last year, collected 8s. 10d. profit on every £ spent on rent, labour and other costs of production; and that, though fortunately situated farmers are fatly enriched by prices necessary to keep poor farms in production, the consumer is far from getting the quality he merits. Until some Government has decided systematically, and publicly explained, how much the country should be prepared to pay for getting a certain proportion of its food produced at home, there will be no real British agricultural policy; nor will the expansion which both political parties declare they want be assured on a long-term basis if consumer subsidies are jettisoned to the extent that under-consumption becomes once again the general rule in a substantial proportion of the population.

Welensky's True Colours

As the first "general election" to the Federal Parliament of British Central Africa draws nearer, settler politicians of importance are showing a more and more marked bias towards an extremist racialism. After muttering a few meaningless phrases about "partnership," Messrs. Huggins, Welensky and their friends of the Federal Party are being pushed by the competition of the Malanist Confederate Party into flying their true colours—White supremacy for ever. So strong, indeed, is the competition of the Confederate Party that even the newly formed Progressive Party of Northern Rhodesia has decided to dissolve itself—its chairman, Dr. Alexander Scott, explaining that there is "grave fear that a split vote will allow the Confederates, with their policy of *Apartheid*, to gain control of the new State."

Welensky's announcement that he and other elected Whites will no longer co-operate in the work of the Legislative Council of Northern Rhodesia is motivated ostensibly by their "inability" to accept Mr. Lyttelton's recent political award in that Territory. In fact, it is a piece of demagogy aimed at convincing settlers, who might otherwise vote for the Confederate Party, that the Federals are "safe" on the racialist issue.

Trade With China

At the same time as the Government raises the ban on selling small cars to China, the Foreign Secretary goes out of his way to brand as a "Communist front" organisation the British Council for Promotion of International Trade, of which Lord Boyd-Orr is president. Forty prominent businessmen were due to leave on November 22 for Moscow under the Council's auspices. The Foreign Office is advising them not to go. How ludicrous! The small car deal with China is a result of the mission to Peking which the Council arranged last June, when the Austin Motor Export Corporation was one of the "Communist front" bodies represented—as were Crompton Parkinson, Enfield Cables and British Electric. The 18 businessmen who then went to China represented 150 British firms, and brought back contracts for mutual trade amounting to £15,000,000—a small portion of the trade which could be done, but for the Battle Act. The Boyd-Orr Council—formed after the Moscow Economic

Conference in 1952—is now smeared by Eden as "mainly concerned with the dissemination of Communist propaganda." Of course the Council has "Red" approval. China does not want "foot-loose" private enterprise agents, but it does want the goods which private enterprise has to sell, and it is prepared to do business through a focal organisation.

The Soviet Shopper

Since August, the Soviet press has devoted almost half its space to the plans for raising living standards and improving the efficiency of retail trade, agriculture and the building industry—a campaign which seems to have replaced Stalin's "Construction of Communism" projects as the main domestic objective. In a recent speech, Mr. Mikoyan has given details of specific plans to increase the output of durable consumer goods. This year, the U.S.S.R. will produce 60,000 refrigerators, 100,000 vacuum cleaners and nearly 100,000 television sets. The targets for each of these in 1955 are to be 330,000 refrigerators, 500,000 cleaners and 1,000,000 television receivers. At the same time, Mr. Mikoyan insisted that the retail trade must study "capitalist" methods of attracting and satisfying customers. Although these "advanced" techniques have been developed to overcome the sales resistance inherent in the "general capitalist crisis," Mr. Mikoyan condemned "those comrades who, under the pretext of fighting subservience before foreigners, ignore foreign experience." The prospects of the "better and richer life," of course, are being contrasted with the "growing misery" in the outside world. Mr. Varga, who got into trouble five years ago for arguing that there would be no early depression in the capitalist world, is now writing again in *Pravda*. His present theme is that the U.S. is rapidly approaching a crisis of over-production. All this seems remarkably like his old thesis in *Two Systems*: Socialism will forge ahead while the outside world disintegrates.

ROME

Moves Behind the Riots

Our Rome Correspondent writes: There seems little doubt that in Rome, at least, the chief exploiters of last week's anti-British demonstrations were the neo-Fascist M.S.I. Party. The widespread indignation of the Italian press and public against the Trieste shootings has led some foreign observers to suspect some kind of general plot to hasten the departure of the Allies; but it is significant that Italy's Remembrance Day, November 4, when demonstrations were expected, passed by without incident in Rome. Only when the news from Trieste reached the capital did feeling begin to run high. Then, no party could afford to stay off the bandwagon; but their disagreements were as revealing as their common protest. The centre parties, represented by *Il Corriere della Sera* and the Christian-Democrat *Il Messaggero*, emphasised that the Trieste police were responsible for the firing. The Socialist *Avanti!* and the Communist *l'Unità* headlined "Anglo-American" responsibility: but on the following day *Avanti!* soft-pedalled this motif and printed a more restrained message from Signor Nenni warning the people of Trieste against any repetition of recent "provocations."

In Rome, meanwhile, Communists were claiming that the riots outside the American Embassy were their own doing, and had been "obstructed" by neo-Fascists and police—a further example of the confusion which Trieste has lately introduced into Communist propaganda. Certainly, the Roman demonstrators included elements from all parties; but their procedure was precisely that of the M.S.I. demonstrations of a fortnight ago, this time more determined and better organised, with loudspeaker vans and motor-cycles and a larger sprinkling of non-University toughs. As before, however, the bulk of the mob consisted of students, many of them members of d'Annunzian groups which continue the traditions of the old G.U.F. (University Fascist Groups), with the same songs and slogans as were heard before the war. Moreover, the M.S.I. organ, *Il Secolo*, has far outdone any other newspaper in hysteria and provocation. On the morning after the Trieste incidents, its whole front page was given up to a hymn of hate against the "vile English," and it sneered at the Premier's Remembrance Day speech by declaring that what Italians needed now was "not calm, but courage."

In terms of parliamentary members, the M.S.I. is not a powerful party, but it does represent, very vociferously, the extreme Right of the centrifugal forces tugging at Signor Pella's administration, and making its actions both cautious and complex. In two recent attempts of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies jointly to elect the five judges for the Constitutional Court, this division of parties resulted in complete deadlock, since no candidate obtained the required majority; and similar dissensions tend to paralyse the present government in matters more strictly political. Within the Christian-Democrat ranks, there are sharp disagreements over a proposed "opening to the Left," championed by the Catholic trade union C.I.S.L., which has on several recent occasions collaborated with the Communist G.G.I.L. against the stubbornness of the employers' Confindustria and the unwillingness of the Government until very recently to make any attempt at mediation. Many Catholic spokesmen are shy even of the Nenni Socialists, whom they regard as Communists in sheep's clothing; but the Demochristian Left wing is a little less suspicious. Since the June elections, Signor Nenni has carefully distinguished his party's foreign policy from that of the Communists; and it may be that one answer to Signor Pella's present difficulties will be an "*apertura a sinistra*," after all.

WASHINGTON

Controversial Authors

Our Washington Correspondent writes: The U.S. Information Agency, which became a separate Government department on August 1, is up to its old tricks. It is a big enterprise whose overseas libraries contain more than two million books at 189 centres abroad. Last year some 36,000,000 people throughout the world made use of these libraries.

About a year ago the Information administration became the chosen victim of Senator McCarthy. Members of its staff were forced to parade before his investigating committee. A number of gifted men and women, after testifying, quit their jobs in disgust; others were transferred or sacked. When, last February, a new director, Robert L. Johnson, took charge of the information and propaganda machine, he retreated on a wide front as McCarthy attacked. He scuttled assistants to whom McCarthy objected. He ordered removal from U.S. library shelves overseas of all books by Communists, Communist sympathisers, "etc." The "etc." culminated in a panicky purge of books. At one stage works by "controversial figures" were withdrawn from American libraries abroad. This obsessional behaviour was extended to musical scores and recordings by living and dead American composers suspected of Left views.

Secretary Dulles failed to stop this asininity. His urgent concern was to rid himself of the burden of the Information administration, which annoyingly distracted him from contemplation of major foreign policy questions. The book purge was carried to lengths that evoked vehement denunciations from the American press and from educational and church authorities, and played havoc with the standing of the United States among civilised communities everywhere.

Mr. Johnson's health could no longer bear the strain. After less than six months of anguish as chief of the Information administration, he resigned, to resume the presidency of Temple University, Philadelphia. Before leaving, however, he turned about and issued a new policy declaration. True, it contained a couple of escape clauses which stated that an author's politics rather than the content of his book should decide whether he should be accepted or rejected by the libraries. Yet this statement was a great improvement. "Each book is to be considered on its merits," Johnson declared. "The only list that should be drawn up is the recommended list." With these words, Johnson seemed to abolish the blacklist of authors and books. Finally, with a spasm of common sense, he said: "'Controversial' books are of course acceptable and indeed essential." By the end of July the Information administration was operating its book programme without security or loyalty clearance of the writers. Books were at last being judged by their content even if the author 15 years ago once played gin rummy with a barrister belonging to such a Leftist organisation as the Lawyers' Guild.

This was the situation at the outset of August when the U.S. Information Agency became a separate government department, as Dulles wished. Its new director, Theodore Streibert, ex-chairman of the Mutual Broadcasting Co., continues to get daily policy guidance from the State Department. But he runs his own show.

In these first three months of his régime, Mr. Streibert has been relapsing into the former McCarthyish tradition. In mid-August he summoned the acting chief of the library programme, Richard Humphrey. In effect, he ordered Mr. Humphrey to reintroduce security clearance for authors and composers before admitting their works to the libraries. Humphrey remonstrated because this screening task would engage too many of his staff. He was overruled.

In October, Mr. Humphrey issued a directive: it stated that "no materials be purchased for use overseas in the library programmes until the authors, editors, composers and other producers thereof are screened. . . ."

At his first news conference in Washington at the end of October, Mr. Streibert admitted the existence of "a catalogue." In fact, this is an immense dossier of favourable and adverse data on writers and musicians, a revival of the blacklist along with a whitelist. There was even a hint that the new management of the Information Agency might return to the hotly criticised system of removing books or music by "controversial" persons. A further memo from Mr. Humphrey said: "A decision regarding the treatment of authors who are the subject of public controversy . . . is yet to be made."

The Boycott of Dr. Jagan

LAST Friday, the National Executive of the Labour Party, after having interviewed Dr. Jagan and Mr. Burnham, published a statement condemning them in language even more stringent than Mr. Griffiths had used in the House of Commons, and virtually forbidding its members to organise or speak on Dr. Jagan's platform. Nothing illustrates better the change in the climate of Labour Party opinion towards Colonial nationalism.

The suspension of the Guianese Constitution is a *fait accompli*. Let us concede, for the sake of argument, to both Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Lyttelton, that Dr. Jagan's Government missed its opportunities and failed in its trust. Consider, nevertheless, what has happened since. Dr. Jagan, having proved to his own satisfaction that Mr. Lyttelton's brand of freedom was, as he had suspected, strictly limited in its application, paid British democracy a compliment—none the less marked for being perhaps involuntary. He took plane to England in order to lay his case before the people of Britain, confident that he would be able to find among ordinary citizens the sympathy he could not win from the Government. By the time he arrived, the Communist Party and its "front" organisations were in full cry to capture him for Communist platforms. For Communists hold that it helps their cause to appear as the champions of oppressed peoples. At the same time, a group of enterprising Socialists (prominent among them were Mr. Fenner Brockway and Miss Jennie Lee) organised a welcome for Dr. Jagan inside the Labour Party, and sought to offer him the freedom of Labour platforms.

Dr. Jagan and his fellow ex-Minister, Mr. Burnham, responded to this opportunity: they shrugged off the Communists and indicated that they preferred to work through the Labour Party. This decision, bitterly resented by the British Communist Party and its friends in the Caribbean Labour Congress, was equally bitterly resented, presumably for different reasons, in Transport House. Dr. Jagan had himself, naturally and properly, asked to have the opportunity of putting his case to the Commonwealth Sub-committee of Labour's National Executive. He was received last week at a specially convened meeting, at which representatives of the General Council of the T.U.C. were also present. Reports of this meeting suggest that it resembled the proceedings of a criminal court rather than a conversation between fellow Socialists. Sir Vincent Tewson and Sir Will Lawther, already constitutionally involved in the jurisdictional battle in Guiana between the Manpower Citizens' Association (which has long been affiliated to the T.U.C.) and the newer P.P.P.-backed Industrial Workers' Union, are said to have cross-examined the ex-Ministers from prepared briefs with a degree of *a priori* hostility which would not have been out of place in a trial for murder. Last Friday's statement came as a result of this meeting. In set terms, it accused the P.P.P. leaders of "pursuing a Communist policy" and advised local parties not to provide a platform for P.P.P. speakers.

Is Dr. Jagan, then, a Communist? Many intelligent Socialists who have met him on this visit believe that he is a puzzled young man of deep Socialist and nationalist convictions, suspicious of both Britain and the British Labour Party, which has never extended to him the hand of comradeship, and desperately anxious for support and guidance in what must seem to him a lonely, as well as an uphill struggle. The Communists have offered that guidance, and Jagan has responded to their overtures. It seems to us improbable that he is a Communist in any more significant sense than that. But in any case, the question is irrelevant. It is not as a Communist but as a nationalist that Dr. Jagan is the freely elected champion of the people of Guiana. And if, when he seeks to put their case in Britain, he is insulted and rebuffed, the insult will be held to be directed, not against a small cell of Communists which may or may not exist inside the P.P.P., but against the people of Guiana and their struggle against exploitation.

Britain has already failed British Guiana in most of the ways that are possible. It is British capital which has grown rich on the miserable conditions of the Guianese workers; and this reproach is no less real to the Guianese because of the few belated reforms of recent years. It is successive British Governments which, by denying political progress for too long, have perpetuated this exploitation and aggravated bitterness; nor is this political responsibility lessened, as the Guianese see it, because an admittedly liberal constitution was offered at the eleventh hour in response to pressure. It is British officialdom (and both British Parties) which have withheld both blessing and a helping hand from the ardent, awkward nationalists who inevitably inherited power; and this failure is underlined by a comparison with other parts of the world—Burma, for instance, or the Gold Coast—where we have done better. It is a British Government which, having offered a constitution too late, has taken it away too early; and the Labour Party, by its pusillanimous attitude in Parliament, will not seem to the Guianese to have dissociated itself from Mr. Lyttelton's action.

It is against that background that, when the Guianese leaders appeal to British Socialists for a hearing, the British Labour Party turns them down. Was there ever an act of greater political folly? In one blind afternoon, the British Labour movement has insulted not so much Dr. Jagan, who, if he is indeed a Communist, will be well satisfied with what has happened, but the masses who, for better or worse, look upon him as their leader. The Communists are never tired of claiming that the Labour Party stands, almost indistinguishably from the Tories, for imperialist exploitation. On Labour's post-war record that charge is false. All those who helped to impose last week's ban have done something to make it seem more true. It is they who have directed Guianese nationalists into the Communist camp, and they must not be surprised if their advice is taken to heart in other parts of the Colonial world.

The Great Negation

THE programme to which the Labour Party now stands committed contains enough socialistic projects to arouse vehement opposition; but there runs through it the implication that capitalism will remain as the predominant form of business organisation for a long time to come, and that large further advances towards the Welfare State are practicable without any direct attack on its foundations. In effect, the Labour Party has now pledged itself to go on building up the Welfare State under a regulated capitalist system, and has thrown over the old Socialist contention that the very possibility of a securely based Welfare State must depend on the replacement of profit-seeking by public service over the main part of the economy. It is worth considering how this has come about; indeed, such consideration is indispensable if those who still regard themselves as Socialists are to frame sound policy.

What has happened is largely the work of the trade union leadership—that is, of the groups which control the General Council and have the last word in mass voting at the Trades Union Congress. Douglas unquestionably prepared the way for Margate; and the General Council's report on socialisation was a clear pointer to the ratification of *Challenge to Britain*. I am not suggesting that all the trade unions—much less all the trade unionists—are in one camp, and all the local Labour Parties in the other. But it is evident that the main weight of the trade unions is being thrown, not only against further extensive socialisation, but also against any step that would make the unions (or their members) responsible partners in publicly owned industry.

This rejection of responsibility raises a serious difficulty in formulating satisfactory plans for further moves toward Socialism. Few people really like the prospect of a proliferation of National Boards or Commissions of the existing type, and few are attracted by the conception of straight Civil Service administration of nationalised undertakings. But what is the alternative, if there is to be real socialisation of whole industries, unless it be something bringing the trade unions, or the workers, into a positive and responsible participation in the conduct of the industries concerned? Consumers' Co-operation, however large a part it is destined to play in the future society, furnishes no answer to the present problem; for the Co-operative leaders, like the leaders of the trade unions, are much better at telling the Labour Party what they do *not* want than at adumbrating their positive ideas. They form part of the great negation which now faces Socialism.

Confronted with this negative resistance, the Labour Party leadership knows neither what to socialise, nor how to socialise, nor even whether it really wishes to socialise much more, save in the indefinite future. But if there is to be a long pause for thought about socialisation, what is to take its place as the key element in the party's policy? The one obvious alternative is an outright attack on capitalist property, as distinct from income, through taxation—capital levies, much more drastic inheritance taxes, and restrictions on property rights. But this, too, has evidently been rejected, as a major element in Labour's new policy. It is too difficult, politically; there is too much risk of starting a scare, of antagonising groups of marginal voters, of throwing the entire class that lives by ownership into unco-operative hostility to the next Labour Government, and thus prejudicing the chances of economic recovery. So

the Labour Party is left with—what? Promises of improved welfare services, a gradual advance towards greater educational equality, a mild reaction against American domination in international policy, and a promise (helpful for the moment) to re-nationalise the steel industry and road transport, so as to present an appearance of continued Socialist advance.

There is, I think, no doubt that some at any rate of the trade union leaders who are now calling for a pause in the advance of socialisation, and are opposing any acceptance of responsibility for the conduct of industry, have been considerably influenced by their close contacts in recent years with the leaders of trade unionism in the U.S. Under American conditions, with no Socialist Party worth the name and no pressure for public ownership, the question of responsibility does not arise in the form in which it arises in Great Britain; and the condition of the American economy makes it possible for the unions to exert without hesitation all the pressure they can for higher wages and improved conditions.

American trade unions are, in the strict sense of the term, "pressure groups," and cannot, in the existing climate of American opinion, be anything else. British trade union leaders, on the other hand, cannot afford to press working-class claims regardless of their effects on the British economy, because they cannot help being aware that the level of real wages is bound to depend, in the main, on the state of the foreign balance of payments, and that a high rate of investment is necessary to enable British industry to hold its place in world markets and to fight its way back to independence of outside aid. For this reason, the "pressure group" policy cannot succeed here as it does in the U.S. Yet it is found attractive, because it allows the trade unions to evade direct responsibility and to appear as independent defenders of their members even when a Labour Government is in office. Moreover, the refusal of responsibility fits in with the highly centralising policies and methods to which the trade unions have been committed more and more as their mass membership has come to consist increasingly of inactive contributors who take only a perfunctory interest in trade union affairs. The more centralised a trade union is, and the less most of its members participate in its affairs, the less able is it to assume any responsibility for the successful conduct of industry. Such a responsibility would involve active and understanding participation by a large number of members at every level, from the workshop upwards; and the *cadres* needed for such functions neither exist nor are being prepared.

Thus, the conditions requisite for a real democratisation of industrial control do not exist; and, under these circumstances, management, and with it responsibility, has to be left to persons appointed by, and responsible to, either capitalist owners or the State—with the unions acting as negative critics of what is done, and not as originators or responsible agents in making Socialism work. Under these conditions, socialisation can go on, but it cannot yield satisfactorily democratic results; and, when these fail to develop, the impetus behind the movement towards further socialisation dies away. The trade unions are not ready for Socialism; and Socialism cannot advance effectively without them. If they were getting ready, and were only asking for time, no great harm would be done by delay. But are they? I can see no sign at all that they are. Yet, if the trade unions are not keen on socialisation, no great impetus towards it will come from any other source—certainly not from the main body of the electorate, which the Labour Party needs to win over in order to regain power. The marginal elector is certainly not a Socialist; he is at most only an anti-Tory; and he is much more likely to be attracted by offers of more welfare than by the promise of a new social system, as long as he believes that such offers can be translated into fact.

It has to be admitted that, subject to one condition, the Labour Party is more likely to win the next general election by being anti-Tory than by being Socialist, especially if it can appear also as the champion of peace and quiet in a troubled world. The one condition—which is vital—is that it shall not become so colourless as to disillusion its own active workers and cause them to cease working for it; and in this respect, as was shown at Margate, it can count on a large, as yet unexhausted fund of loyalty based on its record between 1945 and 1950. Disappointed Left-wingers will not, in any large numbers, leave the party in the lurch—at any rate for some time to come. There is no other home for them; and they are well aware that without unity nothing can be achieved. Therefore, for the moment, the trade union leaders and the Morrisonians can afford to vote them down. This situation, however, could change quickly if it became evidently impossible for things to go on as they are—if, for example, welfare services had to be severely cut under the impact of an American recession, or if unemployment were to reappear on anything approaching the inter-war scale. In such circumstances, the mood of trade union members would certainly change very fast.

What the effects of an economic crisis would be upon general opinion I do not pretend to know; but I feel sure one result would be to drive the Labour Party a long way to the Left by causing many of the trade unions to change camps. Nobody, however, wants a recession if it can be avoided, and nobody can be really sure whether a serious recession is on the way or not. We have therefore to consider the future with both possibilities in view, and that I propose to do in a further article.

G. D. H. Cole

A Radio Diary

If you happened to be living in Asia you might have heard recently the first cry of a newborn child in a London Hospital. I was lucky enough to hear a recording of this remarkable broadcast—one of the most remarkable that has ever been produced. I hope before long the British public as a whole will be considered sufficiently grown-up to hear it too. First, you learn some of the details of ante-natal care, the free advice and treatment which in these days enable mothers to bear children with so much less pain and with so much more personal control of events than they ever had in the past. (This system of physical and psychological exercises in preparation for childbirth has been in use, I understand, in all our more up-to-date hospitals for some years.) The broadcaster then moves to the mother's bedside and acts as a narrator in the drama of birth. The other parts are played by the doctor who is delivering the child, by the midwife who gives help and encouragement, by the mother herself and, finally, with startling effect, by the newborn child. No one, unless nursed exclusively on the gooseberry-bush tradition, could find cause for offence, and I doubt if any sensitive person could help being deeply stirred. To me there were several specially dramatic moments. One, when we heard a child's heart thumping like a machine gun within its mother; the second, when the head appeared and we waited for sixteen seconds until the shoulders were in a position to emerge; the third, when the midwife said to the mother: "Look down and see your baby being born"; and the last, when the baby yelled its sturdy protest—or was it, perhaps, its cry of triumph at surviving its extraordinary ordeal?

* * *

If the Commercialisers have their way, we shall no doubt have such programmes televised by the courtesy of the Model Diaper Laundry, with a chimpanzee selling someone's baby powder to follow. This, you may say, is unfair—just as Christopher Mayhew was unfair in taking a chimpanzee into the Oxford Union to help him win his spectacular victory over the advocates of sponsoring. Such things can't happen here; the British public wouldn't stand for them? I don't believe it. British human nature and British business are not different from American, though they have a tradition of greater restraint. The next argument is that the Government does not propose sponsored programmes here, but only to allow spot-advertising to be inserted between items in a programme chosen by a responsible company in which the Postmaster-General will have the last word. To this, the answer is that the new TV stations will have to be made to pay, and that advertisers will not buy time unless they are assured of a huge listening audience. This means that the new companies will not as a rule be able to put on serious or informative programmes. The pretence that advertisers do not influence the British Press is one of the stock jokes of Fleet Street. Because individual advertisers do not ring up great press proprietors and dictate their editorial policy, even the Royal Commission on the Press allowed itself to be bamboozled into ignoring the fact that all commercial newspapers must listen to the advertising manager's view about the effect of their choice of news and the tone of their editorial on advertising revenue. And in television, of course, the advertiser will play an even larger part in dictating the programme, since the TV company, unlike a newspaper, will have no other source of revenue at all except advertising.

* * *

I have recently heard strong opinions on this subject expressed by well-known broadcasters, politicians and journalists. The more candid champions of sponsoring admit that the present Government's scheme is the thin end of a wedge which will transform England. Everyone agreed that television is so powerful a medium of mass communication that all others become insignificant. Some broadcasters are so frightened of its effects, especially on children, that they talk as if it were possible to suppress it altogether instead of turning their minds to the problem of using it to the best public advantage. The strongest statement I've ever heard against the proposal came from a leading Conservative who argued powerfully that in this case monopoly, so far from destroying freedom, is the last hope of saving our democratic way of life. A famous American commentator said to me a year ago: "You people in England look like starting commercial television just when we in the United States look like giving it up!" His remark was based, I think, on two observations. The first was the difficulty that American television companies were beginning to find in making profits. Time was proving him wrong here, for though comparatively few advertisers can afford the colossal sums which appearance on television demands, they now arrange to join forces, with the result that there has recently been a large

increase in radio advertising. The second sign troubling American television is the growing body of protest, especially from parents, against the debauching of the public mind. This applies both to stuff that has to be put on to attract the largest Hooper rating, and also to the nature of the advertising itself, which is calculated to make everybody believe they will die if they don't take someone's patent medicine, or die socially if they don't use the right deodorant. Any decent programme is liable to be interrupted, often twice, by the announcement of a new toothpaste or breakfast food. The regulations laid down by the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters are consistently and increasingly evaded, and I learn for the first time from the *Sunday Times* of the popularity (not advertised by radio or most newspapers) of a new gadget called "Blab-off," which enables a person at a distance from the microphone to cut off the sound when a "Commercial" comes on the screen. It seems hardly necessary for us in Britain to enter upon this process of degeneration in order that we too, when the honeymoon period is over, may buy Blab-offs to make life more tolerable!

* * *

It is claimed for American broadcasting that, mixed up with the chaff, there are a few programmes which are more honestly controversial than any that come from Langham Place or Lime Grove. I know that a few very good programmes are televised in America for prestige reasons. But in general I should say that the money monopoly suppresses minorities more thoroughly than the prevailing B.B.C. vice of timidity—a vice that extends from the sensible rule about impartiality in Party broadcasting to terror of being accused of permitting a Leftist to broadcast on philately, bird-watching or Greek philosophy on the Third Programme. But in general our broadcasting seems to me much alive. Take, for instance, the new British version of "Press Conference." Last Friday night, for the first time, this programme, with a new technique and a smaller team, really found its feet. William Clark, Ritchie Calder and Donald MacLaughlan cross-questioned Professor P. M. S. Blackett upon the effects of letting loose atomic energy. Nobody shouted or quarrelled, but the effect upon many viewers must, I should say, have been sensational. For Britain, Blackett explained, atomic energy meant mainly the possibility of boosting electric power without increasing our coal production and of extending our export trade by the manufacture of highly specialised power plants. The market for such plants in countries like Australia, India and Indonesia might, he thought, be of immense importance. America, with other forms of power plentiful, was likely to remain comparatively unaffected. On the military side, he agreed that, in spite of all the money being spent on defence and interception, Britain remained totally indefensible against any Power occupying near bases on the Continent. He said little about atomic artillery, except to point out that it would not mean dispensing with soldiers, and that he thought that with both sides possessing H-bombs, the balance of power was so narrow that world war was likely to be postponed. This bears out the argument of Mr. Thomas Murray, U.S. Atomic Energy Commissioner, who saw the chief danger from Russia as the immensely rapid increase in her productive power, and her capacity to offer foreign nations atomic techniques in exchange for uranium and political agreements.

* * *

On the same night I saw the Russian puppet show which appeared unexpectedly in the TV programme, and I also met Mr. Alexandrov, who, as Russia's leading film producer and an old colleague of Eisenstein, heads the group of twenty-six Russians now visiting this country. He had interesting things to say about the popularity of some British films in Moscow and about Russian films that will be seen in England. Next year there will be a Festival of British films throughout the Soviet Union. After this bit of encouragement it was exciting to be given a taste of the sort of entertainment which the Russians have to offer us. I'm told that we in England have no puppets comparable with those of Mr. Obraztsov. I have seldom seen anything wittier or more technically perfect than the dramas he produced with no more than a baby to hush to sleep, a couple of dolls in love with each other, and a marvellous drunkard who pours a bottle of gin down his throat into a rubber bottle securely hidden behind the screen, where Mr. Obraztsov sings Russian songs and manipulates the whole thing with his own two hands. (I note that some of Britain's army of puppet fans will be able to see Mr. Obraztsov in person at the Conway Hall on November 27). After seeing his performance I was left with a sense of fury that civilisation is divided by iron and dollar curtains; that it is still only occasionally and in the artistic world that the curtain gets lifted; that we can never make contact with the Russian people in their own homes or receive them in the normal way as guests in ours.

CRITIC

S.P.Q.A.

"The Federal Government is about to invade on several fronts the sanctuary of the Fifth Amendment. . . ."—*Manchester Guardian*, October 16.

The Senate and the People of the States,
Leaders and nation,
Impassioned and aggressive advocates
Of liberation,
Pledged mankind's menaced freedom to revive,
With scope extended,
Judge Constitutional Amendment Five
Should be amended.

Most potent, grave and reverend Senators
Demand revision,
Expunging their benighted ancestors'
Headstrong decision,
Lest all suspected public enemies
Charged with subversion
Quote those inviolable guarantees
Against coercion.

Repeal would vest with power omnipotent
McCarthy's mission,
The Bill of Rights no more could circumvent
The Inquisition.
Kill this offending, inconvenient clause
Impeding justice;
The Senate and the People unmake laws
As freedom's trustees!

The torch of Liberty they swear will shine
Yet more resplendent
When they to swift oblivion consign
The Fifth Amendment—
But once the States their civil rights curtail—
Their boasted blessing—
Will all the Founding Fathers' words avail
As window-dressing?

Since nations lose all basic freedoms, who
One freedom bury,
What is there to be gained by making two
Bites of a cherry?
This paltering, this tinkering piecemeal
Brings no solution—
The Senate and the People should repeal
The Constitution!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

It is difficult to resist the conclusion that the proposal to nationalise the water industry is a sop to Left-wing extremists.—*Two Cities Gazette.* (A. M. F. Palmer.)

I'm sure dogs must know all one says. We have to spell words sometimes so ours won't understand what we mean.—Letter in *Sunday Pictorial.* (K. Oliver.)

"God—or Providence, if you like—deliberately used the *Sunday Chronicle* as His agent to start a train of events in the fight against this social evil."—*Sunday Chronicle.* (K. A. S. Pople.)

Said 25-year-old Mr. Dodd, who owns Great Yarmouth Repertory Theatre: "You see, the twice-nightly booking people said that to get the play over it would have to be dirtied up. So I've put the lot into it."—*Reynolds News.* (O. Hull.)

A tiger-skin rug. Head mounted with fierce snarl. Ideal for nursery.—Advt. in *Recorder.* (M. Glucksman.)

Red Vienna, 1953

How invigorating danger is! Austria, like Finland, lies half-way through the Iron Curtain, and yet these two little countries possess the most combative Socialist Parties in the whole of Europe. When Helsinki and Vienna were liberated by the Russians, many people were inclined to write them off, and to look to Prague as the Eastern outpost of Western democracy. But it was Benes and Masaryk who lost their nerve and permitted the Czech Communists to snuff democracy out. In Austria and Finland the local Communists have made several efforts to contact bourgeois politicians and stage similar internal coups. On each occasion it was "the Reds" who frustrated the plan.

In 1947, for instance, just when the Hungarian Smallholders were selling out, a similar plot was brewing in Vienna between the Austrian Communists and Dr. Figl, the Catholic Chancellor. The details of this conspiracy were revealed when I was in Vienna last week by none other than Dr. Gruber, the Catholic Foreign Minister. In his sensational autobiography he takes credit for warning the Socialists just in time, and helping them to defeat the conspirators in his own party. I also heard that a similar, but not nearly so dangerous, incident occurred a few weeks ago. Without consulting the Socialist members of the Coalition Government, the present Chancellor, Dr. Raab, approached Mr. Molotov *via* Delhi to inquire whether the Russians would be prepared to sign the Austrian peace treaty if Austria pledged itself to complete neutrality. This incident was abruptly closed when the answer was received from Mr. Nehru's office: "Neutrality not sufficient. Molotov."

These stories nicely illustrate the political atmosphere of Vienna, where the Socialists this year won a remarkable victory and became, for the first time, the strongest party in the country. Although they share responsibility inside the Cabinet, they get the best of both worlds by keeping up a militant opposition outside; and even the Americans now realise that they form the only real bar to Communist penetration.

I was last in Vienna in the terrible winter of 1946, and the recovery since then has been at least as remarkable as the much more boosted "miracle" of Western Germany. Despite the seizure by the Russians of the oilfields and of

160 important factories in their Zone, and despite the tapering-off of Marshall Aid, the Austrian economy is booming. Thanks to full employment and disarmament (Austria has no Defence budget), working-class living standards are probably higher than at any time since 1918. Vienna, which suffered about as much war damage as London, has done much more spectacular reconstruction. In the centre of the City the Opera House is being rebuilt, regardless of expense, and will be reopened next year; and the new railway station is as sleek a combination of glass and marble as that in Rome. Farther out, I saw for myself that the Karl Marx Hof, which was shattered by the *Heimwehr* in 1934 and bombarded during the war, has been repaired and repainted in its traditional colours. But its amenities, which twenty years ago provided the model of working-class housing, have been left far behind in the post-war flats and the neighbouring units, complete with kindergartens, primary and secondary schools.

The contrast with West Germany is striking. There, private capital has been given a completely free hand in industrial reconstruction. Here, in addition to railways and forests (which were State-owned before 1938), 22 per cent. of industry has been nationalised, including coal, steel, non-ferrous metals, electricity and large segments of heavy engineering. The effect has been to create a mixed economy, in which the private sector has been decisively weakened.

Alongside these experiments in nationalisation has gone the reconstruction of the Welfare State. Social security benefits and old age pensions are still very small, but this is counterbalanced by a drastic housing policy. Rents of old houses are restricted so that, on the average, they do not absorb more than one-tenth of the salary or wage. Those of new houses and flats are kept down to the amount sufficient for repairs, and the whole capital cost is borne by the taxpayer. No wonder the working class and an increasing number of poorer peasants and small shopkeepers vote Socialist, while the bourgeoisie feel themselves the victims of class war.

Although the Party has successfully revived the traditions of "*Roter Wien*," it has also undergone a significant change. Until it was smashed by Dollfuss in 1934, Austro-Marxism, as it was called, was dominated by the middle-class intellectuals around Otto Bauer. In those days it was the Austrians, along with Leon Blum's French Socialists, who stayed in simon pure opposition, while the German Social Democrats were prepared to enter coalition governments in an effort to save the Weimar Republic. Since the war, the position has been reversed. The Germans have become the permanent oppositionists, while the Austrians have jettisoned their theoretical Marxism.

Among the leaders I met, I sensed a strong and self-conscious reaction against "intellectuals," which occasionally takes on an anti-Jewish tone. It is rather as though Ernest Bevin had been given the opportunity to reconstruct the Labour Party on the model of the T. & G.W. Austro-Marxism has been superseded by anti-Communism, combined with a pragmatic and extremely effective programme for assuring the working people a large slice of the national cake. Though, since the war, the trade unions are theoretically non-party, in actual fact the Socialists in Austria control them as effectively as the Communists do in Italy. It is this which has enabled them to stand up to Russian pressure and to smash the Austrian Communists, not only in the elections but in the factories as well.

In Vienna I heard a good deal of public sympathy for Ollenhauer after the catastrophic results of the September elections. But the view usually expressed to me in private conversation was that the German comrades had got the thick ear they deserved for their unconstructive and ambiguous opposition to E.D.C. and the Schuman Plan, and for their failure to develop a down-to-earth social programme, which would win the support of the German trade unionists. Whereas the Austrian Socialists have 670,000 paid-up members, the S.P.D. can muster only 630,000 from a population over seven times as great. The Austrians are sure that the defeat in the German elections was due not only to faulty policy, but to ineffective organisation as well.

Certainly their own organisation is even more impressive than their membership figures. Some 50,000 unpaid voluntary workers, schooled in an elaborate system of party education courses, form the cadres of a political army which fights on every front. There are special Associations for almost every variety of age-group, of working-class interest and of hobby, from fishing to philately; and, in addition, there are numerous "front" organisations to win the support of peasants, shopkeepers, old-age pensioners, war veterans, etc. All these organisations are provided with reading matter by a Party press larger than any other publishing concern in the country, which, in addition to the daily *Arbeiterzeitung*, publishes an astonishing variety of weekly and monthly magazines.

The annual conference of a Party organised on these monolithic lines is inevitably a rather dull affair. The platform is completely in the ascendant, and most of the delegates who go to the rostrum are minor functionaries, who know full well the price which must be paid for any deviation from the Party line. The rank-and-file are a rank-and-file in the full military sense of the phrase. Reading through the Annual Report during a dull patch, I noticed that almost the only social group which the Party had had little success in penetrating was the students and teaching staffs in the Universities and Techs. Of course, there are intellectuals in the Party, and they hold important positions, particularly on its newspapers, in its education section and in the youth organisation. But, as one of them observed to me a little sadly: "Once you join our Party, your whole life must be lived within its collectivist ambit. It is superb, but sometimes it gives me claustrophobia." The implied criticism is, I think, justified, and it explains the failure to win much support among the professional classes, apart from place-seekers looking for directorships in nationalised firms. The pendulum has swung from the over-intellectualism of Otto Bauer's leadership to the other extreme.

I must add, however, that, in the peculiar circumstances of post-war Austria, only a tightly organised party machine with a Bevinite leadership had any chance of survival. For some months in 1945 the Russians were in sole control, and, even after the Western troops arrived, they continued to exercise a direct and terrifying pressure. To stand up to the manager of a Russian-controlled factory required, in the early days, desperate courage from the Socialist shop steward and absolute solidarity from the men who elected him. Guts, not intellectual refinement, was the quality needed to organise the Party in the Russian Zone at a time when kidnapping of anti-Communists was a common procedure by the Russian secret police.

Of course, things are easier now that the Russians have given up trying to win over Austria to Communism. But even today the Socialist Member of Parliament, who is ordered by the Russian Military Commander to address a public meeting on Lenin's place in history, feels a qualm in his stomach when he catches the Russian's eye in the front row just before he begins his attack on totalitarianism. Everyone I talked to remarked on the correctness of the Russians at present, and their scrupulous respect for the constitution and the terms of the Four-Power agreement. But this attitude has not come naturally. It is nothing but a puzzled and resentful admission of the fact that they cannot break or seduce the Austrian Labour Movement and that, if they violate one of its rights, they will be faced with a complete and effective general strike. A Socialist Labour Party, which is also a Resistance Movement, is bound to believe more in solidarity than in the free play of ideas.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Student Suicides

DONS have at last begun to take serious notice of the high rate of suicides among Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates. Mr. Henn, Fellow of St. Catherine's, set the ball rolling when he suggested that intellectuals committed suicide about six times as frequently as comparable groups of athletes of the same age, and when he attributed the neurosis among students partly to a mistaken attempt to give University training to young men and women who had not "the intelligence, training, personality, or mental fibre to meet the standard of such an education." He also attacked the silly season newspapers which attributed suicides to sex and benzedrine, and suggested a more sensible attitude on the part of University teachers towards success in examinations. In a rather scornful letter to *The Times*, a Mr. Dennison, of Gonvile and Caius, dismissed the whole problem on the ground that no statistics could be found to measure the rate of suicide. His letter illustrates the ingenuity that mankind constantly displays in avoiding unpleasant facts. A more serious response came from the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, who called upon deans and chaplains of colleges to keep a more watchful eye open for young men who looked "off colour." Sir Maurice Bowra has since convened meetings at which college doctors and other responsible persons could learn, from psychiatrists at work in Oxford mental hospitals, about the facilities available to members of the University.

Many of the younger dons are doubtful about the possibility of spotting a case of mental disturbance before it is too late to avert a crisis. They believe the Vice-Chancellor has allowed his fear of "odd doctrinaires" to prevent him taking the much more drastic steps that are necessary. For students with psychological troubles (as experience at other Universities, including Cambridge, has shown) come to psychiatrists for treatment *in time* only when complete privacy, even anonymity, is assured, and when the undergraduate knows that exorbitant fees will not be asked.

Those who try to explain suicides in the old Universities without any detailed and scientific examination of actual case histories, will not get us very far—especially if, like Mr. Henn, they fall back on generalisations about "unsuitability for University life." Nevertheless we must acknowledge a debt to Mr. Henn for the suggestion that the attitude of University teachers towards undergraduate success should undergo modification. There is little doubt that the emphasis laid on examination results in many private and secondary schools is nowadays also to be found in Oxford and Cambridge. It is true that in some parts of the outside world the class of degree obtained may make a very substantial difference to a young man's career, and parents do become understandably anxious. A "First" is still the

Open Sesame to academic and senior Civil Service posts. But in other walks of life, less known perhaps to tutors, a first-class degree may be virtually superfluous.

The idea, implicit in Mr. Henn's point of view, that nervous breakdown and suicide are misfortunes of working-class students only, unable to "take" the stresses of collegiate life and the higher standards of Oxford and Cambridge, is held by many others besides Mr. Henn. There are very many who regret that the Old Foundations no longer provide merely finishing touches to the liberal education of an exclusive and privileged *élite*. They cannot reconcile themselves to the present desperate need of the country for a broader professional education at the highest level. They mourn for the days when a young man, however stupid, had before him a secure future with little responsibility, and beside him an indulgent, even lazy tutor. Obviously life at Oxford for a young man with a working-class background can be heavy going. Differences in home, speech, possessions and hopes are much more acutely felt by the young. Yet on the spot it is obvious that the poorer student is not the only one to need self-adjustment. The tradition of learning for its own sake in a world faced by intensely practical issues can set up a conflict. For in all psychological questions the crux of the matter lies in the individual; his methods of satisfying himself about himself; his loves and hates.

University life offers the young person four or five main channels into which to direct his or her aims and ambitions, selfish and selfless. Among these are Work, Sex and Social Contacts, Athletics and Art. If any one of these is entirely satisfying, it forms a stalwart defence against attacks on self esteem elsewhere. If youth is unable to find satisfaction in any of these, the feelings of "fitting in" become shaken, and the individual may become an outsider in his own eyes. Neurotic compulsion may involve his attempting to succeed in an impossible field *in order to ensure failure;* or it may demand from him much more achievement than is compatible with his capabilities.

The dangerous view that we are offering University education to a higher proportion of the population than can benefit from it, and that it is the policy of augmenting the numbers of students which has brought about this heavy incidence of nervous breakdown, shows up the prevalent self-satisfaction of most dons with the existing pattern and methods of study. It is difficult, it seems, for the don to comprehend the emotional burden carried by all young people who, having the minds and bodies of adults, are given the status of children by the University. Naturally there are some Fellows who are both enlightened and sympathetic. But too often the troubled young man can find only the prevalent, breezy "common-sense" attitude to neurotic weakness. The usual advice is "Work harder, play more games and do not worry so much." So he seldom reveals his difficulty to anyone from a Senior Common Room until too late. With the laudable increase in University populations should go an increase in knowledge of student problems, and resolution to make and not break the member who has gained entrance. In Cambridge, where for the last two years a student health service has contained a psychiatric unit, research and help now go hand in hand.

In Oxford as yet no such unit exists, and the usual troubles arising from the necessity of getting a G.P.'s recommendation, with its likelihood of a revelation to the authorities, prevents many young men and women from making use of what local psychotherapy there is. In at least five provincial Universities students have the right to, and are often directed to, their own psychological service. Neurotic disorders have been treated with the success that is predictable in so young a population. And suicides there seem as uncommon as they have seemed common in Oxford last year.

PENELOPE BALOGH

When the Farm Fails

FARMING may be "a way of life." The point is doubtful and depends on the definition of this rather vague phrase. But farming is unquestionably a way of making a living. It is both a job and a business and it calculates in terms of pounds, shillings and pence. At first sight, therefore, agricultural incentives are most conveniently discussed in terms of commercial analogy, the carrot here, the stick there and, of course, in the background the ultimate sanction of bankruptcy. Farmers *do* go bankrupt—in the early 1930's they were being gazetted at the rate of ten a week. But though it is easy to talk about the stimulating effects of a few "healthy" bankruptcies, the Farming Kingdom has its own laws; its citizens go bankrupt, as they do so much else, in their own way. And a bitterly extravagant and destructive process it can be.

There is, as a matter of fact, a good deal of evidence on this point; for twice in a lifetime, once at the end of Victoria's reign and once between the wars, has bankruptcy taken substantial toll of our farms. But the analysis of bankruptcy is perhaps most conveniently made in general, almost diagrammatic, terms.

Suppose, then, a farm which produces corn and beef. Suppose, too, that over a period of years the prices of these commodities fall heavily and stay fallen. Under these circumstances the farmer has four alternatives. He can lower his costs of production; he can change his system of farming, if necessary by buying another farm; he can quit the industry; or he can continue with his existing system and hope for the best. The first two demand thought, energy and probably a certain amount of expenditure, but they benefit alike farmer, farm and community. The third is seldom practical politics, for he knows no other trade and the farm is his home as well as his place of business. The fourth is the line of least resistance and, in theory, a sure way to the bankruptcy court. But suppose for some reason or other—poor health, age, poverty, laziness or sheer gormlessness—our particular farmer drifts into the fourth course. What actually happens?

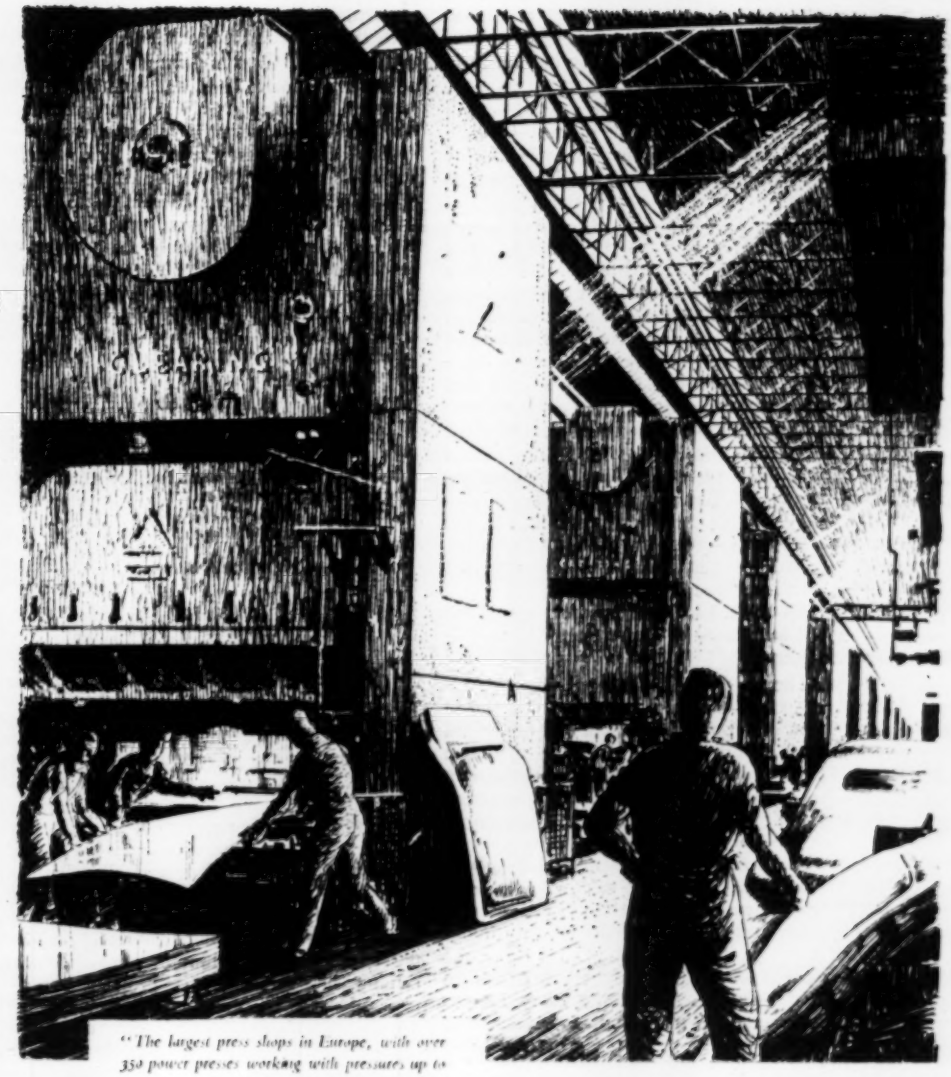
First of all, he probably starts to economise in the simplest way, by reducing his expenditure. He begins, perhaps, by continuing his old system in weakened form, spending a little less on cultivations, a little less on fertiliser, a little less on good seed. But after a year or two, when his decreased yields fail to pay their way, he adopts a cheaper system and substitutes grass for the more expensive but, in terms of food value, more productive arable crops. Then gradually, since good grass costs more to establish and maintain than bad grass, he contents himself with bad grass, which, as the years pass, gets steadily worse until at last the bushes usher in a new ecological stage which will eventually end in scrub. Yet the farmer has still not gone bankrupt. He can still keep himself alive and operational. For the farm gives him his house, it gives him much of his food, it also gives him much of his recreation. And though his output has collapsed, his dreamy, twilight farming probably produces sufficient to pay for his immediate necessities. In fact, he has in large measure contracted out of the money-economy. But, as Adrian Bell so clearly saw from certain extreme cases in the stricken East Anglia of the 1930's, the price he pays for this independence is slow reversion to the standards of a more primitive economy.

> Farming retrogressed centuries (wrote Bell). A man might live by scratching the soil of a field or two near his homestead, pasturing his cattle on the uncultivated waste and turning his pigs into the encroaching wilderness to fatten on acorns and beech-nuts. The snaring of rabbits, the gathering of blackberries and mushrooms, also contributed to his meagre living. Farmer was reverting to hunter, husbandman to nature's beggar.

This is only part of the story. The harm done by such neglect is certainly great, but in these mechanical days it is not so very difficult to reclaim derelict fields with bulldozers, tractor and lime-lorry. Given the right equipment, you can convert scrub to cornfield in a matter of months. Far more vicious in its ultimate effects is the less obvious diversion to the farmer's personal purposes of the money which should have maintained the framework or "capital equipment" of the farm. The hedges spread over the headlands, the silt accumulates in the ditches and chokes the outfalls of the tile-drainage schemes, the rain rots the rafters exposed by the fallen slates, the walls crumble under the steady drip of the water from the broken eaves-gutters. The very structure of the farm is decaying, for its production is not earning enough to maintain it.

As for the results of these things, you can read of them in Williamson's *Norfolk Farm*, in Middleton Murry's *Community Farm* and elsewhere. But you can find them all too easily in reality as well as in books. In the North of England, for instance, there is a certain 400-acre farm which in 1875 won the prize offered annually for the most productive and best managed farm in the county. But when, after half a century of depression and neglect, the time for rehabilitation came in 1950, the rehabilitators redug 12 miles of choked ditches, they reconditioned 40 miles of tile-drain, they reduced to order 10 miles of overgrown hedge. The farmhouse and many of the buildings they abandoned as beyond repair and they built afresh. They spent, perhaps, up to £20 per acre on reclaiming the fields and certainly another £60 per acre on restoring the capital equipment of the farm, so that their total outlay was, say, two-thirds of the farm's final value. It was, in short, a matter of redemption rather than improvement. Such is the measure of the sacrifice which a farm can endure to save the farmer from bankruptcy.

Agricultural bankruptcy, as such, is not, fortunately, a particularly topical subject. But its importance lies in the light it throws on the peculiar problems created by the nature of that peculiar economic unit we call the farm, in particular in the light it throws on the general question of agricultural incentives. For, first, it is clear that the farmer is not wholly amenable to the traditional forms of economic discipline. Much of his living comes directly from the farm, not indirectly in cash as "profits" or "salary," and is therefore unaffected by external change. He can grow potatoes, keep a cow and cut firewood from a copse, regardless of the price of corn or the cost of hired labour. Further, in times of crisis, he can economise by neglecting the capital equipment of his farm and he can continue to do so almost indefinitely before accumulating degeneration calls him to account. A field whose drainage system has failed will not produce as much as it should but it will still produce something, while the life of even an unmaintained building is measured certainly in decades, possibly in generations.



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Secondly, the farmer's ability to bankrupt the farm before he bankrupts himself is only the most obvious illustration of his defensive power when the prices of his produce are low. Unlike many producers, he can meet reduced returns by reduced output and can in extremity continue to live on his business long after he has ceased, in any formal sense, to make it pay. As a sanction for agricultural efficiency, therefore, bankruptcy is a ruinous tool. It is, indeed, significant that the Agriculture Act of 1947 empowers the State to dispossess farmers for gross and proven mismanagement long before the slow laws of the rural economy have sent the farmer to the bankruptcy court and the helpless farm far down the road which leads to the wilderness.

NIGEL HARVEY

Dylan Thomas

WITH the sudden death of Dylan Thomas in New York on November 9, at the age of thirty-nine, a poet takes his lasting place among those whose work lives after them. Dylan Thomas was the son of the senior English master at Swansea Grammar School, where he himself received his schooling. Though not Welsh-speaking, he was, as a boy, familiar with the life of Welsh farms and villages, and also—how early I do not know, but almost certainly in his boyhood, for he was already an accomplished poet before he left school—with the complex rhetoric of Welsh verse, and its intricate system of internal rhyme and chime of vowel and consonant. His technical accomplishment was from the first so striking that one might call it an innate gift, were that consistent with the careful and deliberate method with which Dylan Thomas worked slowly and long over each of those poems that sounded, when he read them aloud, as spontaneous, and at the same time as formal, as the song of a bird.

He was in every sense a bard—a minstrel-poet whose verse was written to be chanted, whose chant was intended to move us, to reach us, before everything, through those feelings which spring from nature, and which modern civilisation is calculated to deaden and kill. His poetry speaks to those Homeric emotions that folk-tale and folk-song call into play—these relics of a preliterate poetry, long ripened in the memory, and as Yeats says, "steeped in the heart," that still linger in Ireland, the Western Highlands, and rural Wales. It was in the power of his genius to speak to the primitive sense of the intense glory of life that we all have in childhood, when body and soul live undivided, or body is itself a kind of soul. Wordsworth wrote of such experiences as recollected: Dylan Thomas uttered his youth from an experience still immediate, yet with a technique that a lifetime could not have improved. He died at the extreme point beyond which none may carry such youth—at the same age as Lorca, a poet with whom he had much in common.

Dylan Thomas is the supreme poet of youth; he was not a "young" poet of promise—though who can say how much we have lost by his death?—but of supreme achievement. By this I mean to say more than that each of his finest poems—*Fern Hill, Over Sir John's Hill, After the Funeral, A Refusal to Mourn, Poem in October, Holy Spring*—is in itself perfect; I also mean that the whole range of that intense phase of experience that lies between childhood and manhood has, in his poems, its for all time complete statement. Had he lived, he might have passed on to other experiences; but never could he have written finer poems from that experience. It is doubtless this combination of simple experience with stylistic complexity that made him—while in England he was first among peers—in America something much more. I followed him, at a year's distance, two years ago, on a poetry-reading tour, and heard everywhere—in New York, Washington, and Harvard—of packed halls and spellbound audiences. It is true that he read his own and other poems like a bard; but no vocal rage could have given semblance of life to poems less living than his own.

Dylan Thomas was first published—outside his school magazine—in the *Sunday Referee*, when some editor of more than usual discrimination picked out his work and that of another unknown poet, David Gascoyne, in a poetry competition. Later, he published much in *New Verse*, and from the first his voice was his own. I remember meeting him at some gathering, several years before the war, and the discussion turning on who were the important poets then writing. I remember Dylan Thomas, with his child's head of curly hair and his poet's eyes kindled with holy indignation, declaring that he was then working on the greatest poem of our time. I believe it was an early draft of *The Ballad of the Long Legged Bait*. Statements of that kind, I have always found, tend to be true when made by poets; and to claim for his poetic genius what he knew to be its due was not to boast.

Dylan Thomas most admired rhetorically brilliant poetry: Hopkins (though it is possible to overrate his indebtedness to Hopkins, who himself had studied Welsh verse); the metaphysical poets, and in particular the pattern-poems of Herbert; and Milton. I have been told that his favourite poem was *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*. Not in the ordinary sense a religious poet, his poems are filled with the essence of worship. The words "holy," "glory," "praise," and even "God" (all, by the way, words dear to the writers of those Nonconformist hymns most beloved in Wales) occur very frequently. Irony was a mood wholly absent from his work, and one, indeed, incompatible with his essentially innocent vision. Blake's words, "Everything that lives is holy, Life delights in life," might, in substance, have been written by Dylan Thomas, though, delighting as he did in making patterns of words, he would doubtless have elaborated the style as to a friend who was recently telling him of a well-known Welsh painter who, though mortally afraid of catching cold, "didn't turn a hair" during the worst air-raids. "I see," was the reply, "each hair did not turn."

Dylan Thomas had a vein of buffoonery, evident in his short stories (*Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog*, for example) and in some of his radio scripts. This minor literary talent, like his gift for reading verse, proved more saleable than his poems, naturally. Faced, like all poets, with the economic problem, he made the best use he could of these gifts—and his best was better than that of any other B.B.C. script-writer. But one thing he never commercialised, and that was his poetic genius. He wrote only when the spirit moved him, one or two poems a year, and then worked long and carefully, in retirement, far alike in body and in spirit from the world that made so much of him, the *enfant terrible* from Swansea.

Never, for Dylan Thomas, were life and death two but always one, the holy thing whose glory he praised. In one of his earliest poems he wrote:

> The force that through the green fuse drives the flower
> Drives my green age; that blasts the roots of trees
> Is my destroyer

and in one of the last (*Poem on his Birthday*)

> That the closer I move
> To death, one man through his sundered hulks,
> The louder the sunblooms
> And the tusked, ramshackling sea exults;
> And every wave of the way
> And gale I tackle the whole world then,
> With more triumphant faith
> Than ever was since the world was said,
> Spins its morning of praise.

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Titoland

IN Belgrade (where the Danube is brown) I met a young Serbian diplomat recently returned from negotiating the sale of machine tools to Pakistan. Mine is an industrial country too, he implied with a twinkle. We talked about America, and I commented on the scarcity of American tourists. He offered an explanation in one word and added a story. As a member of a U.N. delegation in New York in 1948 he had made a number of American friends; they were most solicitous about his welfare, taking elaborate precautions not to be seen with him in public for fear of ruining his career. His protests about the precautions being quite unnecessary were good-humouredly ignored, and the conspiratorial rigmarole persisted until he left. Now in Belgrade he sometimes meets these same friends again among resident or visiting officials. "You must come," he insists, "to some little café where no other Americans will see you; otherwise, if McCarthy gets to know. . . ."

It was my first visit to a Communist country. Eager for information, I asked questions relentlessly whenever the linguistic barrier could be crossed. Are you happy? I asked naively. Do you belong to the Party? Do you like Tito? How much do you earn? How many rooms does your family live in? What is the rent? Everyone was delighted at this brazen impertinence and talked readily, giving a wide variety of incompatible answers. At last I cornered a Government official and opened, safely as I thought, with the gambit of inquiring whether present conditions were satisfactory. My tone conveyed the polite assumption that bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, but he replied like Miss Doolittle rejecting a walk across the park—and took a couple of hours for amplification. In the end I decided to fall back on my private yardstick for measuring civilisation—hotel lavatory cisterns. In Slovenia, for instance, they flushed instantly; in Croatia they were coy, but could be coaxed; in Montenegro I pulled in vain.

* * *

Among the rocky islands of Dalmatia you can discover your own Nepenthe. It may be called, less musically, Grk, but it will have unbroken

sunshine, probably some Roman remains and Renaissance architecture, and no other tourists. Be ravished by the (natural) beauties of Hvar, with a twelfth-century cathedral and the oldest theatre in Jugoslavia, or tuck yourself away in Trogir, which is still an unspoilt medieval town. Here King Bela became a refugee from the Tartars; here an unknown work by Petronius Arbiter was recently unearthed in a cellar; here again one of Napoleon's marshals built himself a belvedere for playing cards fifty yards out at sea.

More a resort is the self-styled pearl of the Adriatic—Dubrovnik, beautiful and (for Jugoslavia) expensive, like all pearls. In the street outside the Cathedral I stumbled across a film in the making. Arc lamps were vying preposterously with the blazing sun, and a little fat director in khaki shorts was dispatching minions to chivvy and silence the gaping natives. At the centre of operations a Titian-haired belle in a flimsy green robe and golden belt postured against a historic monument. Dubrovnik has achieved the *ne plus ultra* of being good box-office background—like Rome, whose ruins are now cluttered with processions of Hollywood-hired extras. So I took a diesel train over the *karst* of Herzegovina and the green highlands of Bosnia in search of minarets and darkly latticed windows.

These and, less expectedly, some decayed specimens of London Transport standing incongruously outside a mosque greeted me in Sarajevo. Without their capitalist trappings inviting one to shop at Selfridges or fly by B.E.A., the red double-deckers looked pathetically down-at-heel. I saw three of them creeping in line past the corner where the Archduke Franz Ferdinand's chauffeur once took a wrong turning so calamitously for us all. A sense of danger may have brought them together, or maybe they were veteran No. 11s and used to moving in convoy.

* * *

The most disgruntled man I met in Jugoslavia kept a bar: like all hotels, restaurants and shops it was nationalised. During the war he had driven a tank with the Eighth Army in Italy, and life now was dull. His wages amounted to £10 a month with no share of the profits, no commission on sales and no prospect of doing better. In England, he thought, there would be opportunities, but he would never be allowed a passport and people escaping from the country were still being shot by frontier guards. It was a sad story, and we drank *slivovitza* after *slivovitza* to cheer him up, each one operating like a mechanical excavator on the inside of my throat. All attempts to pay were repulsed: drinks were on the Government. Every job has its compensations—once your throat gets acclimatised.

The happiest man was very old and formerly very wealthy, a connoisseur of art. His one wish, when the Communists came to power, was to be with his pictures until he died. All his possessions were confiscated but the wish was granted: he was appointed curator of what had been his own art gallery.

* * *

The homeward journey started alarmingly. When it arrived at Ljubljana station, the Simplon Orient's few carriages were packed to the luggage racks, and my heart was in my sandals. The official to whom I had reluctantly surrendered my seat reservation gaily waved a red arm-band above his head in a Boy Scout "follow me" motion, and several hundred of us duly followed him up to the front of the train. The engine disappeared and, after an age of shunting, reappeared with a single extra coach. I sensed a ripple of tensing elbows as the official mounted guard over the entrance and delivered a harangue. He spoke in

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Slovene but the gist was clear: "This carriage is reserved for forty Americans" (I had been tacked on to these for the journey to Paris). The crowd received this in silence, but soon after I had scrambled aboard pandemonium broke out and the corridor reverberated with the clash of enormous men and women with enormous suitcases in hopeless deadlock. When the train moved off my compartment was filled with Slavs, and most of the crowd still stood on the platform shouting and blowing kisses at them. The missing Americans, I reckoned, must be a posse of globe-trotting, fact-finding Senators working to a tight schedule and still in the town in pursuit of an elusive fact.

We had not gone far when my neighbour, momentarily exchanging her native tongue for broken English, made a request to lean across me out of the window: her uncle waited at the next station. From my corner I watched an old man with a long white beard alone on a sunny platform solemnly greeting the passing train. Two stations farther on, with a cry of "Excuse please, my cousins" from another woman, we had a repeat performance with a row of small children. By this time everyone was in tears, and I was feeling an Anglo-Saxon cad for being dry-eyed. Suddenly a luggage label attracted my attention. "Are you Slovenes from Ljubljana?" I asked the compartment at large. An old man in the far corner replied in his best nasal accent: "We emigrated thirty years ago; we are Americans from Ohio."

JEREMY POTTER

Anatomy of Llangyllwch

ON the island of Llangyllwch the church clock strikes eleven times instead of twelve and the Minister is much worried about this.

The river, receiving the mountain snows, makes strange choking noises, and is bearing far too much between its narrow banks.

In a bleak light, Dai, lost farrier, blinks at his sacred scroll.

Idris, in Mabinogion land, sees a ship in the snow, Saint Patrick on board, Harlech bound.

Geraint, honeymooning in Manchester, drives fire to Gweneth.

Mrs. Turner, The Swan, lies peaceful, her very bones sing for joy, the day ended.

Turner, same address, snores like a pig.

Thomas Salvation, late of Llangyllwch, talks to others in a long white room, touches them and smiles, says, "your", walks away. His guardian angel has sandy hair and a sharp look, wears Wrexham grey for uniform, moves not far behind. Thomas, searcher after God and the Holy Ghost, cannot find them in glasses of Wrexham milk.

Bella, also of that place, is quiet, too. They cannot hang up her self-made shroud behind the black iron-railed bed, this already hanging by a small hook in her own mind.

End has come suddenly for Taid Grand, old root of Hengoed, by slipping only one inch farther down in his great chair, unseen by Mary, Tyddyn, who thinks hard about her brother in Caerphilly, and of now throwing out a too green aspidistra.

Prys Killer by the light of a lamp drives the knife to his own pig.

The river, unable to hold the weight of water, makes whale-like movements, then suddenly raids the land.

Snow, sleet and driving rain.

Cerrig's old elm, rotted through, has fallen and carried with it one live squirrel and one frozen owl.

Men are coming in from the soaked fields, cold as their own turnips, and in barns and byres they hang up their lanterns.

Llangyllwch Castle is changing its name to Chateau d'Espagne.

Cadwaladr, guardian of Chapel Baptist, remembers two screws for His chair in the morning.

Pritchard, Ysgol House, encyclopædia fed, says that sometimes, as he looks up at the mountain, the very immensity of the world paralyses his mind.

Ceinwen, enforced spinster, dresses her ghost children in cloths of gold and gives to all collections for Dr. Barnardo.

Rose Ann's pony whines this eight weeks on the cottage step, and Lloyd Vet will put him down.

Rowland, tuppenny-sized, follows Hughes Miser towards The Swan and wonders if in any pocket there might be one tiny hole.

Mozart, pleading, walks in and out of Jones Pompous's dreams.

Jones Alone, Penllyn, has caught a fox in his kitchen as hungry as he, and, unless the snow goes soon and Roberts Baker comes, may have to eat him.

Price School threatens nothing but Cubes and Square Roots this coming term and Gerald's chained journey to Rome.

Saul, uncle to Llangyllwch children, sips ale at The Swan, regrets he never married Olwen of Pwllglâs.

The Mountain bird, snow fast, shares awesome joys with her shadowy child; the damp kitchen fills with smoke; her father plays with the fire and sometimes laughs for nothing at all.

The wind has reached gale force. Price Post says the next moon must surely be water-filled.

The sun is many weeks off and the fields are awash.

Vaughan, quarryman, poet, thinks war is stupid, carries inside him like two un-healing wounds fear of extinction, horror of immortality.

The owl's screech is smothered in snow. The church clock has stopped.

Turner The Swan says that Thomas Ditcher, who was Herod in the Christmas play, has had a dream the length of Jerusalem, and in it he saw his mother hanging head downwards over the furnace of Hell.

The snow blows white from the tombs and Hughes, British Railways, tall and black, might be the Erlkonig coming through the yard.

Sian Farmer says that the bone will remain hard in the land many weeks to come. He sups in The Swan and his mongrel dog whines outside.

Williams, ugliest man on the island of Llangyllwch, is redeemed by his golden mouth.

Hanley, Cottage, chunky realist and flounderer in off-Dreiserian prose, naive and touchy about style, thinks up another one.

JAMES HANLEY, COTTAGE

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The Arts and Entertainment

AN OCCASIONAL PIECE

THE Coronation prompted the revival of an almost moribund form of imposition, the occasional piece, and musicians and poets, largely prompted by the Arts Council, once again tried their hand at this neglected form of their respective crafts. If the results were not very happy, that is hardly surprising. For any branch of a craft requires practice, and this one has long fallen into desuetude. A truly professional writer or composer ought to be able to turn his hand to almost any occasion and to produce something which is, at the very least, fitting. But if there are few writers left among us who are professional in this sense, it is as much our fault as theirs. With our absurdly self-conscious attitude towards art (a curious and interesting development of the nineteenth century) we are as incapable of appreciating, and so weighing and judging, the occasional production as they are of producing it. So, since Tennyson we have let the office of Poet Laureate fall into disrepute, and consequently I can only think of one living poet—Mr. W. H. Auden—who is now capable of turning his hand to any occasion, though I can think of several who, if the tradition were alive, might learn to do so.

The theatre in the last thirty years has had few professional writers, in this or any other sense, and those few have all been writers of light comedy. Of these few Mr. Terence Rattigan has

been one of the most consistent over the last fifteen years, and one would have expected him to rise to the Coronation occasion. *The Sleeping Prince* was his characteristic contribution, and it is only the accident of illness that has given it to us now instead of last May. The *pièce d'occasion* is not to be judged by the same kind of standards one would apply to works written without any conditions attached. Every so often the occasion produces a masterpiece, but that is not by any means usual. Even less should one regard *The Sleeping Prince* as a successor to *The Deep Blue Sea*, and complain that it doesn't carry its author any further. But I hasten to add that these remarks are not prompted by a desire to excuse *The Sleeping Prince*: it seems to me to need no excuse, beyond the excuse of its occasion. But to judge from some of the critical comment it does need placing. It is an exercise of a brilliant theatrical talent devised for a special occasion, a light-hearted tribute if you like, and as such it is eminently successful. It is frothy, yes; but wasn't that anyhow quite in the spirit—in the spirit of Sir Hugh Casson's decorations, for instance? It would have glittered agreeably at the time and have done what it set out to do, graced the occasion.

This may seem a top-heavy introduction to what will generally be accepted as just another bright, amusing Rattigan soufflé, expertly served up in the acting, the producing and the staging. Which raises another point: soufflés are not easier to cook than rump steaks, even if it is true that the latter are more sustaining. Mr. Rattigan has used well-tried ingredients, but the test in this kind of thing is in the mixing and serving. The occasion is another Coronation, in 1911; the scene the Carpathian Legation. Over for the Coronation are the boy King of Carpathia, his father the Regent, and his Grand Duchess. It is the evening before the event, an evening which the Regent has planned to spend giving supper to an attractive American chorus-girl in a suite at the Legation. I have seen it scornfully remarked that the only interest in the piece is whether or not the chorus girl says yes, and that it takes Mr. Rattigan three acts to reach the point. But, of course! Doesn't the whole art of light comedy consist in just that, in propounding such simple questions at the start and by ingenious and unexpected twists delaying the answer till the moment before the final curtain?

Mr. Rattigan, on the whole, solves his problem very dexterously, and in the doing provides his actors with very playable parts. Miss Vivien Leigh is the chorus girl with a simple belief in Love, and she cleverly sustains our interest in her simplicity throughout the evening. Sir Laurence Olivier is the Balkan Fox, and he has built up the character with a hundred convincing touches of detail. His lifelike accent (notice the perfection of his central European "o") is sometimes rather difficult to follow, but this is partly the fault of the theatre, the Phœnix, which is a little too large for this kind of comedy. For me, Miss Martita Hunt was the great pleasure of the evening. Her kind of role is surely a new departure for Mr. Rattigan, a launching out into the extravagant. Her Grand Duchess is the very epitome of those Royal Memoirs which have been amusing us lately. Hearing that Miss Morgan is on the stage she instantly supposes her to be a pupil of Sarah and regales her with a wonderfully unfunny account of an amateur performance of *Lear* in which, through a shortage of males, she herself played Kent. Miss Martita Hunt has the part to perfection. Mr. Richard Wattis, Mr. Jeremy Spenser, and indeed the whole cast, were excellent in support.

At the Princes' the Stratford Company are making a wonderful and very well-deserved hit with their *Antony and Cleopatra*. Mr. Glen Byam Shaw's admirably economic direction and the superb playing of Miss Peggy Ashcroft and Mr. Michael Redgrave make this the first wholly satisfactory and satisfying production of the play that I have seen. There are still four more weeks in which to enjoy it.

T. C. Worsley

OLD BAILEY

It is good to see the theatre in England getting into a narrative mood. Among current plays Mr. Roger MacDougall's *Escapade* is an example of a style not quite as simple as it looks. And in *Old Bailey*, at the Bristol Old Vic, Mr. T. C. Worsley succeeds in fixing his audience with enough of an ancient mariner's eye for us to keep on saying: "And then . . . and then . . ." By the same token the story spreads a wide net. We are interested not only in the traffic of the stage but in a lot of other things going on in other places at the same time. This implies narrative techniques, implies news and stories of off-stage events, as well as your big scenes: and for my money this is a plus, not a minus. True, the techniques are not all satisfactory. Mr. Worsley's main story is in 1923, but we see it through the eyes of a couple of narrators in 1953—one of the protagonists now thirty years older and the son of another—and the device creaks. But the big scenes come off.

Old Bailey is not the Central Criminal Court but an old shopkeeper who founded a multiple store. The old man loses his grip and his sons take over—eventually over his dying body: the battle of the young bulls and the old man of the herd. Manifestly this demands a couple of big scenes, which Mr. Worsley provides. It also involves a battle of wits; here the play lacks body.

Old Bailey is a very lively character conceived, written and acted—by Mr. Douglas Campbell—with gusto. Old Bailey stands for English business of the old style, a belief in the goodness of goods and the old-fashioned virtues. Old Bailey has fire in his belly and imagination in his eye. In a world of shoddy he fights for Victorian values, crying "Bad drives out good"—significantly leaving out the operative word in the quotation. The word comes back later, for in his senile eccentricity—or old-style democracy; which is it?—he gets to playing with boys' kites in the park and arguing with stump orators about the (already) 750,000 unemployed. He climbs on the park platform crying he will tell the truth to the subversive, and, after a conventional opening about striking less and working harder, comes to the point (for him), crying: "Trade is when you ring your money on the counter," with a fine ringing accent on the word "ring."

The word missing from the quotation has come back—it was, of course, money—but it has come back wrong. His voice is faltering because he is realising that this is a paper-money world, and sovereigns are even rarer than mahogany counters. You can't get a crackle, much less a ring, from a ten-shilling note.

This leads us into the best scene of the play, in which Old Bailey's eldest son dares to speak the unspeakable, and shout in the old man's face that he is finished. It is a sign of success in both author and actor that we share a sense of the courage and ruthlessness of this act, and when Old Bailey falls in his second stroke we are all his murderers. Dying, he still wins because we are such a poor crowd of protagonists.

Mr. Worsley's chosen symbol, the multiple store—we get a great deal of it in the action—is, of course, exactly right for this period and historically interesting. Does it matter if the playwright gets his history wrong? To the question put like that the answer is No, but in another sense it may matter a lot. Historically, the multiple stores that began to play such a part in the life of the big industrial cities of the United Kingdom from 1923 and on, were very much what Old Bailey was asking for, and the opposite of the simulacrum his pale sons were creating. Old Bailey was right—his sons would have gone bankrupt (Mr. Worsley makes them reap millions). The multiple stores that made history worked pretty much on Old Bailey's lines (ask Lord Woolton!).

Certainly this is a play, not a history. Yet, in giving Old Bailey time and tide but no man to fight with, the play loses half the battle. In this production Old Bailey's descendants are a Twentyish miscellany in which we can take no great interest. I don't mean people of the Twenties are intrinsically uninteresting—that would, in-

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deed, make me a quisling—I mean that Mr. Worsley has left them too vague. This is in part a measure of the distance between Mr. Campbell and his supporting cast, but not entirely so. The fault lies deeper. For a battle of wits to be continuously dramatic we want wits on both sides.

It must be clear by now that the play starts hares all round: it makes Mr. Worsley a writer in as well as about the theatre. Mr. Peter Potter's production struck me as too tame for the occasion, and a new Old Vic play at Bristol is firmly established as a theatrical occasion by now. I have mentioned Mr. Douglas Campbell's performance. Mr. Campbell is steadily gaining authority and fulfilling his promise (though I'm a bit puzzled about an odd Welshness in his intonation in this part). Mr. Patrick McGoohan, the young bull in the contest, improved as the play went on, gaining strength with the situations.

MONTAGU SLATER

DERRICK GREAVES

DERRICK GREAVES has twelve paintings and some drawings at the Beaux Arts Gallery. I hope that everyone who has read even as far as that first sentence will go and see them. It is a critical exhibition. With it in mind, one can assess the last ten years and foresee the next ten.

Greaves, who is under thirty, is a Realist. For a definition of the word, study his paintings; for a qualification compare his works with those of Christopher Chamberlain at the Trafford Gallery, Raymond Guerrier, the young French painter, at the Redfern, and Francis Bacon, also at the Beaux Arts.

Chamberlain paints London as he sees it. He has a good sense of paint and is a lively observer. But his pictures remain "views"—chosen with sensibility. Guerrier paints Paris and fishes. He knows exactly how a picture should work and *uses* what he sees. In a painting of a canal and another of a *quai* his use of his subject is brilliant. Yet behind one's pleasure, one has a doubt. Despite all the scratched, richly laborious paint, isn't it too neat? Should clouds really be made square just in order to balance the apartment blocks so satisfactorily? Bacon paints crime—which exists. But he paints it as though he were an accomplice. Greaves is too concerned with Rome, Venice, Sheffield to paint views of them, realises that there is too much at stake today to bother about being neat, has sufficient human faith to see beyond crime.

Only two of his paintings are fully sustained. One, a still-life of two chairs and a curtain with an enamel basin as the point of focus, adds up to a complete image of Habitation. The corner of the Mediterranean room has been so intensely seen that one imagines the child scribbling on the bare walls, the chairs being taken to be re-wickered by an Italian street chairmender, a man in a vest washing in the basin. The second is a painting of Sheffield (No. 3)—like a Provençal vineyard, only with terraces of asphalt, steel instead of grapes, coal instead of olives.

In his other paintings Greaves struggles to understand what moves him. And for a young painter the only way to do that is to go on "interrogating" every passage in a painting until it affirms in answer its original subject. Some of the answers he gets are crude, some disproportionate, some over-laboured, others are true: the standing dog and the boots of the sitting man in the large Italian landscape; the hands of the woman drinking wine; the canal water in Venice in winter, changing from choppiness to the smoothness of a reflection. With more experience of his craft, and more understanding of what is socially and humanly typical, Greaves will discover more conclusive answers, and, learning to foresee them, will be able to relate them more closely. But the point at the moment is that he listens with all his attention; he doesn't cut life short for the sake of either preconceived sentimentality or "Art."

The new Cézanne at the National Gallery is an important painting, but not a masterpiece. To compare it, as some critics have done, to a Rembrandt is very superficial. Rembrandt forgot himself in the face of his sitters; Cézanne forgot them. The emotional tension the painting does contain is due to the coincidence of the crazed woman's general desperation and Cézanne's desperation about the painting itself.

At the A.A. in Bedford Square there are some good portraits and topographical drawings by Paul Hogarth, and at Roland, Browse and Delbanco there is an unusual exhibition of paintings of fish: particularly notice the Forain, the Matisse and the Wilkie.

JOHN BERGER

RADIO NOTES

I DO not know who the Epiphany Philosophers are or whether their anonymity serves any useful purpose, but their discussion *The Problem of Religious Beliefs* was of great interest in its own right, and also as the latest example of a form of entertainment which normally the Third does admirably. I say "entertainment" deliberately, since, whatever the intentions of the disputants or the seriousness of the subject discussed, if these programmes are to succeed at all with the layman they must first succeed as entertainment. In fact, their appeal—whether we take *The Problem of Religious Beliefs*, or the discussion of a few weeks ago between Professor H. H. Price and Mr. Stuart Hampshire on *The Question of Psychical Phenomena*—is not so dissimilar, allowing for the greater measure of sophistication, from that of the old Brains Trust programmes. There is, for the listener, first the naive wonder that "one small head could carry all he knew," and then the delighted recognition we all experience in the presence of expertise or assured technique. At the lowest level these programmes must strike the layman as the verbal equivalent of a music-hall juggling act: however long he practised he would never come within miles of reaching such professional dexterity.

This emphasises the essential quality of all these programmes, the quality without which they would be nothing: the quality of sheer skill. Seen simply as a discussion, as four people analysing and elucidating a problem, *The Problem of Religious Beliefs* made practically all the Home Service discussions one has heard on politics and economics appear to be the bumbling of amateurs in the parish-hall. It had plainly been most carefully planned and thoroughly rehearsed; it flowed beautifully. This alone, however, was presumably less than the Epiphany Philosophers intended; the technical skill was a means to an end, the illumination of the nature of religious belief, of the meaning of the word in its context. This, it seemed to me, was brilliantly achieved; for one layman at least there was a real extension of knowledge; and the part of the discussion that centred on what we mean by belief in myths I thought especially valuable.

The story of *Lasseter's Reef*, the feature-programme broadcast in the Home the other evening has apparently already become an Australian legend. Small wonder: it is a record of endurance, patience and endurance again, and ends with the moral implicit in most stories of the search for gold: Lasseter found a wonderful auriferous reef in Central Australia, lost it, and spent thirty years trying to persuade his fellow-citizens to finance an expedition with which he could find it again. At last he succeeded. The venture included all the resources of modern communications, lorries, aeroplanes, radio. All failed him in the end. He pushed on alone, and is believed to have refound his reef; but when his body was discovered he was dead and the reef lost once more. The story, as dramatised by Ralph W. Peterson, made a feature which gripped the listener the whole time. It was imaginatively produced by Mr. Joe Burroughs, who conveyed by the skilful use of recordings of dingoes howling the most vivid impression of the appalling loneliness of the Australian desert.

A very satisfying programme. So, too, were Mr. Cleverdon's two brief dramatisations of Mayhew's meetings with the Guy Fawkes Man and the Guy Fawkes Boy from *London Labour*. In recent weeks in the Third we have had two or three of these tiny dramatisations from Mayhew, lasting perhaps ten minutes each. They make excellent continuity material between long programmes. I hope we may have many more of them, with Mr. Carleton Hobbs as a most engaging Mayhew.

The best of recent talks for me has been Miss Mary McCarthy's *The Revolt of the Authors*, from New York, a beautifully ironical account of one aspect of American minority culture, the exploitation, especially by universities, of the interest in highbrow authors. This, as Miss McCarthy made fully clear, is not the same as an interest in the books highbrow authors write: these exist not to be read but as critics' and lecturers' fodder. Some authors, Mr. Robert Frost leading them, no longer relish, it seems, having everything they write turned immediately into the material of critical exegesis.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Julius Caesar," at the Carlton
"Time in the Sun," at the Continentale

Of course, Shakespeare filmed is a contradiction in terms. Of course? Weigh these propositions: (1) with Shakespeare the word is all; (2) in films vision and movement come first, speech second—the word is comparatively little. These seem to me facts undeniable. Put them together, and it will be appreciated why I began with "of course."

That is not to deny that Shakespeare films may be enjoyable and exciting: so also are Van Gogh postcards, Beethoven's Fifth on the harmonica, and the ballet of *Hamlet*. Shakespeare, in other words, has something that will percolate almost anywhere, into Lamb's Tales and

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birthday calendars, into opera, into modern dress, into cinema. But that's not to say that dinner-jackets and chain-smoking make the most of *Hamlet*, or celluloid of the little round, resounding O. The considerable Shakespeare films so far have been Olivier's *Henry V* and *Hamlet*, Orson Welles's *Macbeth* and *Othello* (not yet seen), and now Mr. Mankiewicz's *Julius Caesar*. The most gorgeous of them, and after fearful struggles, the most filmic—horrid, expressive word—was *Henry V*. It came into its own with Agincourt. *Julius Caesar* has no such highlights: it works up to Philippi, and then makes nonsense of generalship by taking Brutus's forces into a mountain defile (Shakespeare's and Italy's plains!) and trapping them in true Redskin fashion. On the other hand, *Julius Caesar* doesn't start by being scared of its audience, and having to accommodate groundlings of one age to another. It goes straight, concentrates on the actors, on the action, makes only a few cuts, and relies on the overtones of dictatorship to do the rest.

It may seem—or at least it seemed to me—odd that Romans in a film should be spouting Elizabethan blank verse—some in English and some in subdued American—but that wears off. One great advantage the screen has over the stage, even with Shakespeare: it can concentrate our attention on an actor. This the present *Julius Caesar* most noticeably does: it brings close Cassius, Brutus, and Mark Antony as the theatre has never done. I put them in that order because that is the order of impressiveness conveyed by the actors—Gielgud, James Mason, and Marlon Brando. Gielgud, of course, walks away with it; and this *Julius Caesar* would be remarkable, if for nothing else, for its strict attendance on our greatest living Shakespearean. Gielgud's Cassius, quick, conspiratorial, steel-sprung, is a piece of acting so fine that fineness tends to possess the character. "Honourable" Brutus seems by comparison a dull, doubting dog: not that Mr. Mason doesn't do his best—and that's considerable—but he has too sure-metalled an ally to contend with. Marlon Brando's lowering Antony looks good, but muffles verse. Otherwise we have a well-spoken and well-considered Caesar (Louis Calhern), with the weakness and dignity distributed, and a Rome more convincing than we are used to.

What does it all amount to? A realistic, thrilling drama of the rebellion against dictatorship, some fine theatricalisation outside the theatre, the characters close-up but the words (even Gielgud's) far off, a compromise, but one that is worth our while encountering.

Time in the Sun—Marie Seton's reconstruction of Eisenstein's *Que Viva Mexico!*—though banned by the Censor, has unexpectedly been granted an L.C.C. certificate, to receive its first public showing at the Continentale. I hope to discuss this much-discussed but hitherto unavailable film next week.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Witness for the Prosecution," at the Winter Garden

"Every tragedy consists in the tying and untying of a knot." The dictum applies to the comedy-thriller as much as to Euripides, and in exploiting it so zestfully Mrs. Christie shows herself the noblest Aristotelian of them all. Perhaps the Master would characterise her latest triumph as Complex Tragedy—"An ironical plot with Disclosure." Since most of the action takes place in the Central Criminal Court, rhetoric abounds. Mr. David Horne for the defence, Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith for the prosecution, ring the changes beautifully on "all the effects that have to be produced by language . . . proof, reputation, the manipulation of feelings such as pity, fear, anger and so forth—as well as aggrandisement and depreciation." Mr. Derek Blomfield and Miss Patricia Jessel make a good pair of protagonists but the evening belongs to Mr. Horne and his learned friend—a duel of wits between an erudite porpoise and an only slightly less erudite fox-terrier.

J. N. B. R.

Correspondence

SIR WINSTON'S GRAND STRATEGY

SIR,—We may not agree with THE NEW STATESMAN'S point of view on many issues, but at least we expect to have to take it seriously. But what on earth made you write that silly nonsense about "Sir Winston's Grand Strategy"? Do you really expect us to believe that the main preoccupation of Churchill and the Labour Front Bench is how to dish Mr. Bevan? If so, you must be suffering from Bevan on the Brain, for I assure you that many of us get through our day without even thinking about him.

I challenge seriously your other suggestion that the majority of Labour M.P.s is out of step with the constituencies. You say that the voting at the Conference proves this. Does it? You rely on the voting for the Executive Committee, I suppose, but what about the heavy Constituency vote that was cast against particular policy proposals that had been plugged by the Bevanites for months before the Conference? I estimate that on many policy issues the Constituencies polled up to 600,000 against "Bevanite" proposals as against 700,000 in favour. In fact the Constituency view on policy is very evenly balanced with a small bias in favour of the Bevanites. The basis of the calculation is simple. The minority vote at Conference (Constituency and trade union together) was about 1,800,000 of which the trade union element was about 1,100,000. That leaves 700,000 Constituency votes cast along "Bevanite" lines out of a total of 1,300,000 Constituency votes. In fact, the Constituencies were much more evenly divided on policy than you care to admit, and the way the voting went certainly makes nonsense of your assertion that the majority of Labour M.P.s is "totally out of step with the rank-and-file."

One other thing. You say that Mr. Bevan's advisers deplore the secrecy of Parliamentary Party meetings. This was the practice for many years before the Bevanite group was formed. Do you seriously advance the view that it is used as a device to enable a bunch of cowardly Right-wingers who lack the courage of their convictions to vote down in secret a gallant band of brave Bevanites? The nature of Party meetings is based on a simple thought, namely, that it is better to argue out your differences in private so that you can present a united front to the enemy. Why do you think this places the Bevanites in a dilemma? They have the same freedom as the rest of us to convince their colleagues—and the same moral obligation to accept their colleagues' verdict.

House of Commons. JAMES CALLAGHAN.

[Mr. Callaghan's assertions about the meaning of particular votes at the recent Labour Party Conference are of uncertain value since he does not define what he means by "Bevanite proposals"; nor does he attempt to distinguish between shades of opinion on either wing of the Party. What seems certain is that the net result of both the Morecambe and the Margate Conferences is a fairly significant shift of the Party towards the Left. The Constituency Parties used their votes to emphasise that this shift was not accidental by refusing to elect to the National Executive well-loved figures such as Mr. Morrison, Mr. Dalton, Mr. Shinwell, Mr. Gaitskell, and even Mr. Callaghan, who were held to be particularly identified with the discredited policies of 1951, and especially with the arms programme and the consequent attack on the social services. The Parliamentary Labour Party has done precisely the reverse. Mr. Morrison, Mr. Dalton, Mr. Shinwell, Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Callaghan are all duly re-elected to the Front Bench together with others who, apart from Mr. Bevan himself and Mr. Griffiths, did not invite the Constituency Parties to pass judgment on them at the recent Conference. Is there not some ground for supposing that the Parliamentary Party and the Constituencies are out of step?

As for the secret voting, nobody suggested that it is new. We reported a Bevanite view that it constitutes the biggest obstacle to the Bevanites gaining power in the Parliamentary Party. Of course, there is something to be said in its favour: the argument against it is that it encourages the divergence between the Parliamentary Party and the Constituencies by making it possible for an M.P. to present one face to his constituents and another in the secret councils of the Party.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

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SOCIETY AND THE HOMOSEXUAL

SIR,—May I express my appreciation of the responsible and enlightened way in which you are dealing with the question of homosexuality? The sympathy and common sense displayed in the articles, letters, and editorial comment which you have published will give hope to both the genuine invert and those who have his interests at heart. I welcome in particular Mr. Gerald Gardiner's plea for the appointment of a Royal Commission or Home Office Committee with wide terms of reference to consider the whole matter, and it is to be hoped that steps to this end will be taken without delay.

While revision of the law is plainly overdue, it must not be forgotten that homosexuality is more than a merely legal problem. When we recognise it as a social question also, we acknowledge that ultimately it concerns human persons—women as well as men—for whom adjustment to, and fulfilment in life is beset with difficulties and trials which it is hard for the heterosexual to imagine. Hand in hand with legal reform, therefore, must go a change in attitude on the part of the community towards a minority which is peculiarly handicapped.

It may interest you to know that the Church of England Moral Welfare Council has for some time been much concerned with all the problems—legal, theological, social, personal—to which homosexuality gives rise, and that a group has actually been at work on various kinds of research in this connection.

SHERWIN BAILEY
Central Lecturer, Church of England Moral Welfare Council.
85 Fountain Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 17.

SIR,—I would like to add two comments suggested by my own experience in the matter of the legal and social aspects of homosexuality.

A few years ago a handsome young policeman gave me an interesting account of the way in which he had acted as a decoy in certain public lavatories in Central London. Since the constable was adult it seemed clear that he was not being used to trap the type of man who seduces children; though it is fair to add that he would have passed well for a young Serviceman. Even so, if we note this use of the agent provocateur in the context of "counsel's opinion" as reported by Mr. Gerald Gardiner, have we not cause for grave concern? Trial by jury might lead to a closer examination of the evidence in charges of "persistently importuning," but would it reveal police methods of obtaining the evidence? Do adult male persons need the protection of the law when smiled upon in lavatories, or elsewhere?

The law might well concentrate its attention on protecting young persons and children. As a schoolmaster I have often observed what an excellent teacher the man of homosexual or bi-sexual nature may be. Of course, he must have ethical standards parallel to his heterosexual colleague teaching girls, and perhaps stricter. But the homosexual's problems of self-control, and his search for suitable companionship and affection, are rendered much more difficult by the sense of belonging to a persecuted minority. Unless he is fortunate in his friends (I do not mean his lovers) he is liable to loneliness and self-pity, and under such conditions he is most likely to act wrongly or unwisely. Fear of social disgrace, coupled with a sense of bitter injustice, may lead to a rebellion against reasonable conventions which is a social protest as much as a sexual outlet.

If society genuinely wishes to protect the young from erotic exploitation, and to free our schools from that disguised eroticism which we call sadism, it will make it possible for the homosexual in every walk of life to discuss his problems more freely, and to seek such civilised solutions with his own kind as they may both find mutually congenial.

HEADMASTER

CENTRAL AFRICAN FEDERATION

SIR,—In the House of Lords on July 28, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, in a reply to Lord Listowel, said that he would draw the attention of the Governor of Southern Rhodesia, whose duty it is to plan the Federal elections in British Central Africa, to the possibility that Africans might wish to choose their own representatives. He said that he understood, in any case, that Africans would be selected by "an African Organisation" before they were put up for election.

A search through the Federal Gazettes and the official news-letters reveals no reference to this "African Organisation." *The Times* of November 4, however, reports that the Federal Party is to question all African candidates and "endorse" three whom it approves. White men are to vote for the candidates nominated or endorsed by their parties—so that, presumably, they can be confident of having in the legislature three African representatives who will be thoroughly obedient to White interests.

One of the two Africans and the one European elected in this way will be members of the African Affairs Board. This Board was claimed by the supporters of Federation to be the greatest safeguard of African interests. Of the Board's six members we now find two being elected by Europeans. Two more (the European representatives of African interests from the Northern Protectorates) are to be nominated by the Governors of those countries. The two remaining will be chosen by the members of the Board themselves from the four African members of the Northern Protectorates. These four will be elected by bodies designated by the Governors as representing African interests. Normally, one would expect the African Representative Council of Northern Rhodesia and the African Protectorate Council of Nyasaland to be the bodies designated, but these Councils have shown themselves firmly in opposition to Federation and no mention of them was made in the last version of the Federal scheme.

At the very best, Africans can only hope to have two members out of the six on the African Affairs Board whom they have chosen themselves.

I do not believe that one is helping the Federation to make a good start by keeping quiet about this plan to deprive Africans of honest representation in the Federal Assembly and on the African Affairs Board. This dishonourable electoral plan is part of the cost, no doubt, of the Federal Party's effort to win a majority over their avowedly racialist competitors, the Confederate Party. Another part is Sir Roy Welensky's opposition to the advance of Africans to more responsible work in the copper mining industry. Will not the cost soon outweigh the whole value of the "policy of partnership" which was said to be the basis of the Federation? With that basis gone, does the Federal Constitution remain that which Parliament agreed to? Does not this Constitution stand repudiated more surely than was that of British Guiana by the P.P.P.?

THOMAS FOX PITT

GERM WARFARE

SIR,—A number of articles have recently been appearing in the national press on new aspects of the Korean bacteriological warfare issue. Among many other inexactitudes, the statement has been made that the cogency of the proof was founded upon the admissions of the captured American airmen. I wish, therefore, to point out that my reluctant conviction of the truth of the charges in no way depended upon what the airmen affirmed (and what, under new and different circumstances, they now deny). I believe that my colleagues on the International Scientific Commission took the same view. As I have repeatedly said during the past year, we looked upon that evidence as confirmatory only, preferring to base our conviction upon the objective evidence brought forward by the large number of Chinese scientists, so many of whom indeed I had known well already during the second world war.

Probably some of your readers will feel, as I do, that the most disquieting feature of the situation is the large-scale preparation for bacteriological warfare still being undertaken by the American Government. As was brought out at the conference on the place of the scientist in civil defence held in London last December (*Nature*, 1952, *170*, 957), the possibilities of this form of warfare still remain incalculable. The other factor in the situation is the continued refusal of America to ratify the Geneva Convention against it. It was this, indeed, which originated the recent debate at the United Nations. The problem was solved by being referred to a committee which apparently never meets.

Cambridge. JOSEPH NEEDHAM

UNFAIR TO BRETT

SIR,—It is not clear whether, in his review of Richard Peters' edition of *Brett's History of Psychology*, Professor Zangwill was using what he deemed to be the defects of this book to disparage "the top floor of a brand new building in Mulet Street," or using what he deemed to be the defects of the said top floor in order to disparage this book.

If the first is the case there is no call for comment, since it would be unseemly to use your columns merely to display the parochial differences between university institutions in their approaches to their

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subject. If, however, the attack was directed at the book something of more general interest may be said about the ethics of this sort of reviewing.

When a reviewer thinks that a book is a bad one it is clearly his duty to say so—and it is nobody's business to intervene between him and his victim. But it is also the duty of a review to be objective and factual. If, in addition, he is a responsible psychologist, he has the further obligation to avoid sly insinuation and emotive language of a kind that he would certainly deprecate in his lectures on the subject to his students.

What is the expression "reconditioned history" intended to imply if not that Peters had distorted Brett's text? The relevant facts are that Peters had not altered a word of the text except for the required omissions, that these omissions are explicitly listed, and that Peters' own additions in the way of comment are made patently obvious by the use of distinctive type. So bent on finding fault is your reviewer that he scents obscure inspirations and dubious motives in facts so simple as to be all but self-explanatory. Peters, he says, does not discuss the purpose of the "drastic proceeding" of reducing Brett's text by about 25 per cent. Is a 25 per cent. reduction so drastic in abridging three stout volumes to the size of one? And is there a mystery about the inspiration? Would it not be a fairly safe bet that the abridgment was due, not to some sinister influence of the top floor, but to the publishers' having to choose between letting the book stay out of print and producing an abridged edition? It would be tedious to multiply examples of this technique of innuendo and insinuation. Professor Zangwill does in the end begin to be factual in citing the names of authors (Bergson and some later psychologists) of whom insufficient notice has been taken in the book. Maybe he has got something there. Individual cases could be argued, but in the end no doubt we all should still feel that our own favourite authors had been scurvily treated. No doubt we all should feel that if we had done the job ourselves we should have done it in a different way. No doubt Richard Peters would say that had he to do this difficult job again he would do it in a different way.

So, too, there must be many friends of Professor Zangwill who would like to think that were he to review this book again he would do the difficult job in a different way. They know him as having a generous and an understanding mind. They must be puzzled by this *un*generous and *un*-understanding review.

C. A. MACE

Birkbeck College.

[Professor Zangwill writes: It is entirely true that Dr. Peters has not altered a word of Brett's text and that his own additions are printed in distinctive type. I am most grateful to Professor Mace for making these points clear, and must tender my apologies to Dr. Peters if anything I wrote conveyed the impression that he had actively changed the wording of the original text. But the matter is not quite as simple as this. Omission, as Professor Mace well knows, is one of the most subtle forms of distortion. True, a list of major omitted sections is given at the end, but careful comparison with the original reveals a number of further omissions, in some cases involving whole paragraphs, which are neither listed in the appendix nor otherwise indicated in the text. As regards the men I mentioned whose work might appear to deserve attention in the last chapter, I can only say that none of them are my favourites—indeed, some I find very heavy going. All, however, are generally considered to have done important work in psychology. Finally, I would like to ask Professor Mace the following hypothetical question: Supposing he were called upon to review an edition of Macaulay's *History of England*, edited and abridged in conformity with the views of Toynbee or Marx, can he be absolutely confident that no "emotive" language would insinuate itself into his notice?—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SHAW AND FABIANS

SIR,—Mr. Brailsford in his review of *Shaw and Society* says that in my contribution to that book I suggest that Kingsley Martin, he himself, and any who do not believe that the Welfare State is leading to Socialism "are revolutionary sadists bent on producing large-scale hatred and mass-misery of those whom you hate." I am horrified to think that he should think me capable of making such a suggestion. I was asked by the editor to write a chapter on the effect of the early Fabians upon British Socialism. This I did and at the end of it I pointed out that the Welfare State, in which we are lodged today, is the inevitable half-way house to Socialism if the early Fabian policy of attaining Socialism gradually and without violence is in fact adopted. I also pointed out that the spectacle fills many later Fabians, like Mr. Crossman and Mr. Martin, with some doubts and misgivings. (I have suffered the same doubts and misgivings.) Lastly I pointed out that Shaw and the other Fabians of his generation by deliberately rejecting the continental, catastrophic (Shaw continually used this word), revolutionary Socialism had at any rate produced in Britain a theory and practice of Socialism in which the production of "large-scale social hatred and the mass-misery of those whom you hate" is not considered inevitable, necessary, or desirable. I added that "this gentler type of Socialism" accepted by us "from Shaw and the Webbs" was something of which we British Socialists had no reason to be ashamed. I cannot understand how I misled Mr. Brailsford to think that I was including him and Mr. Martin among "the continental, catastrophic, revolutionary Socialists" to whom Socialism cannot be genuine unless it produces a considerable amount of mass-hatred and mass-misery.

LEONARD WOOLF

SUNLESS SATURDAY

SIR,—Mr. Park would probably not be interested, but his contention that the sun always comes out sometime on Saturday is by no means limited to Essex. I have recently returned from living a year in the Tyrol and I found much the same belief there. My landlady, the village tailor's wife, was always trotting out bits of weather-lore. There were, she said, never more than three entirely sunless Saturdays in the year, and these were bewitched. I accepted a fifty-schillings bet on the matter. My landlady won. There were two entirely sunless Saturdays during the course of the whole year, and "bewitched" was a very good description of both of them.

C. HENRY WARREN

RABBITS

SIR,—Myxomatosis is very effective, and abominably cruel. But Critic's list of possible reactions to its use is not exhaustive, and seems to me to avoid the main difficulty. "If you are a landlord or big farmer" you are likely to be more intent on swelling your profits than on "increasing the world's food supply." But if you are a Socialist, and if you believe that a more equitable distribution of the world's food is not enough but that it must be accompanied by a vast increase in food production—then "where do you stand in the Rabbit controversy?"

Balliol College, Oxford. D. F. MACKAY

SIR,—The Government's policy on rabbit control is certainly paradoxical. In November, 1951, Lord Carrington, for the Ministry of Agriculture, argued that gin traps were still necessary as one means of keeping down rabbits. Yet it is well known that rabbits multiply where gin traps are used, since large numbers of their natural enemies perish in the traps.

Further inconsistencies are pointed out by "Critic" in his interesting remarks on myxomatosis. I cannot think of myxomatosis without revulsion, but it probably causes less suffering than is caused by gin traps. Again, it affects only rabbits and hares, unlike gin traps, which torture many kinds of wild animals and birds and also dogs and cats.

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Books in General

THERE have long been two schools which contribute to common discussion; and in England they are now often at war. On the one side are those who ask for great thoughts on great subjects, and who deplore narrow specialists ("What are philosophers doing now, word-chopping in a manner that no one can understand?"). They will not accept any donnish division of subject-matters, at least in philosophy and the moral sciences generally; their attitude to the natural sciences is oddly different. They insist that a historian or a philosopher should be ready, when asked, to come forward with some plain statement of his conclusions, some synthesis of contemporary knowledge. Was the French Revolution caused by the peasant or by the middle-class? Is the will free or is it not? The specialised researches of historians and philosophers are useless unless in the end they enable us to answer such questions as these, and to answer them simply and in a manner that all can understand. Perhaps we dare not expect physicists and chemists to state their conclusions badly and in untechnical language; but the great questions of philosophy and of social theory are every man's concern, and must be made plain in the single language of Reason.

On the opposing side stand the dons, the Alexandrians; they go back to the men who first made some division of subjects in a library at Alexandria. For them reality is accessible to human knowledge, only if it is divided into compartments, each marked and labelled in syllabus and library. Every science and inquiry develops its own requirements of method and its own canons of accuracy; these can only be learnt by practice and must never be diluted. For all genuine knowledge is specialised knowledge, and cannot be anything else. One does not arrive at truth by moving evenly over the surface in some common language of Reason; one must always penetrate deeper along a single narrow shaft, making finer and finer distinctions below the crust of common sense. If conclusions are to be stated in the short forms of ordinary discourse, and without the detail which supports them, there is always some loss of truth. For reasons of policy, it may sometimes be necessary to accept the loss. But this necessity must always be a painful and embarrassing one, as careful distinctions are smudged and coarsened, and qualifications disappear. If at any time no embarrassment was felt, it would follow that the sense of accuracy, and with it any possibility of genuine knowledge, would finally disappear. The moral sciences would be back where they were at their foundation. They would be open to a flood of half-truths; and even these would be unrecognisable unless some of the whole truths were known.

In his three-volumed study of Communal Psychology,* Mr. Woolf places himself on the side opposite to the Alexandrians; this third volume certainly contains great thoughts on great subjects. He writes throughout in the undistinguishing terms of common sense, free from apparatus of scholarship when discussing history and from distinctions of logic in philosophy; he strays through the domains of child psychology, animal psychology, anthropology, and classical scholarship, with the lightest possible equipment and with little reference to any detailed research. The title of the book recalls that glorious phase of Cambridge thought, beginning around 1903, in which reason and common sense were given full license to take no notice of pedants, either in philosophy, or in historical biography, or in the study of art. And the Cambridge enlightenment, so like the eighteenth-century enlightenment in its range and brilliance, certainly made a hole in Alexandrian defences. In philosophy there seemed no need any longer to puzzle over the elaborate paradoxes of idealists and sceptics; for Professor Moore had shown that they can all be blown away with one puff of clear common sense. There seemed no need for historical biography to be heavy with accumulations of reference and of detail; Lytton Strachey had shown that a few epithets and ironies can render a historical character, or recall the spirit of an age. There is no need to search deeply into the subject-matter, and historical circumstance, of a painting; be it Sienese or Chinese, stand untutored in front of it and (I exaggerate) gaze at its form and design. The fences of pedantry were down, and the Cultivated Man could stride from end to end of his property, knowing that beauty and goodness are objective and this is all that needs to be known. This stimulus from Cambridge was felt through all the moral sciences, and the great achievements of that period will not be forgotten. But the greatest of them came from a new exactness of style and language, which in philosophy later led to new methods of criticism. Philosophers, and others with them, began to demand that statements in the moral sciences should be tested by some of the same rigorous standards that a natural scientist accepts; otherwise our speculations on man and his behaviour can be no more than expressions of opinion. The domain of ascertainable fact should be clearly distinguished from the domain of personal opinion.

Mr. Woolf is arguing in favour of liberty, democracy, and the pursuit of truth; but his own principles forbid that the value of his argument should be judged by the virtue of his conclusions. It seems to me that in this last volume of the trilogy the principle of indifference to specialised knowledge is carried to impossible lengths. In *After the Deluge*, the first volume, there was some close consideration of the principles of 1789 and of the conflicts which they engendered; and even in the second volume, which analysed movements of opinion in France and England in 1830 and 1832, two sides of a conflict were often carefully stated. But now, reviewing contemporary opinion, democracy against totalitarianism, Mr. Woolf becomes both dogmatic and incoherent. He writes of the pursuit of truth, but he does not seem to be pursuing it: for there are none of the doubts, details and qualifications which any such pursuit involves. It seems rather as if Truth had been presented to him many years ago, and that he had sat with it ever since. He writes of the virtue of tolerance: but his practice is different (p. 195):

> No one of intelligence now believes that the industrious moles who turned the molehill of an unintelligible creed into a mountain of scholastic unintelligibility or that the church which pronounced their statements to be absolute truth were talking about anything which has the remotest connection with reality or any relevance to the ethical teachings of Christ.

This is scarcely the tone of liberal understanding; and the statement is plainly false, since there certainly are men of intelligence who regrettably still hold these beliefs. And their difference from Mr. Woolf constitutes part of the problem of politics, the problem which he so over-simplifies. Again, it may be convenient to represent Hume as a materialist: but he was the opposite of a materialist, as any philosopher must know. Or it may be convenient to represent Athenian society in the fifth century B.C. as some paradise of liberal freedom, on the sole evidence of Pericles's speech, and with the position of slaves ignored; but the facts are more complicated, as any research would show. And surely the pursuit of truth must involve the necessity of research? These may seem minor inaccuracies; but they are typical of Mr. Woolf's manner of argument. And what is the pursuit of truth if it is not the pursuit of accuracy? On the one side, then, stands large simplification, leading to confident and virtuous conclusions: on the other, narrow and complicating pedantry, which offers no easy moral; both sides must provoke the other. I state the case for the pedant.

Starting from the beginning, the pedant might suggest that anyone making a statement takes a risk, the risk of being shown to be wrong. If he knows exactly what he is saying, he knows exactly what would show him to be wrong. If he knows roughly what he is saying, or is saying something rough, he knows roughly what would show him to be wrong. If the statement is so rough that almost nothing could conceivably confirm or upset it, it is pointless as a statement of fact, like a bet that could never be settled. These are truisms, familiar off and on for a thousand years or more, too dull for ordinary conversation, but often recalled in philosophy. Now they are sometimes given the collective title "logical positivism"; but then my belief that I have two feet might as well be called "realism." Applying them, one may consider the case of a historian who is driven to make summary statements about the opinions of the middle-class in the last century or about the motives of Communists today; he knows that his statements must be based on an immense accumulation of particular cases, and he knows that they may be upset by a sufficient accumulation of contrary cases. He will see his statements become more and more rough, and more and more untestable, the further he departs from the actual words and actions of particular men at particular times, and the more he floats away among abstractions. The nearer he can stay to the actual details, the habits of speech and conditions of life, the ambitions and

* *Principia Politica: A Study of Communal Psychology*: being volume III of *After the Deluge*. By LEONARD WOOLF. *Hogarth Press*. 25s.

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manœuvres of particular men, the nearer he is to the facts; and the strongest instruction he can draw will be found in the concrete details.

This is well illustrated by Mr. Woolf himself, when he inserts (p. 30) a few pages of autobiography in the middle of his generalisations; immediately a scene is evoked, which suggests far more of the past and the present, and more vividly points a moral, than all his abstract nouns. For what is the use of sweeping generalisations without the evidence that supports them? For instance, what is the evidence that, before the Greeks, standards and codes applied always to individuals, and not to society and its organisation (p. 56)? And what can be inferred from such generalities as (p. 143): "The most remarkable thing about the history of the world before the nineteenth century was its social stability"? When one floats, without attachment to detail, in this twilit realm of generality, the adjectives "true" and "false" virtually lose application, and the patterns of history may be rearranged to prove any conclusion required. And, in philosophy as in history, it seems pointless to raise ancient issues (p. 92*ff* and elsewhere) without attention to the elementary distinctions that illuminate them. Philosophy becomes general conversation, when its inherited distinctions are dropped, and no new accuracy is introduced in their place.

> There are some objects, such as truth and beauty, which are far more important than others in the production of complexes which are of intrinsic value. But they are not in themselves good. . . .

A philosopher's exasperation is inevitable. Are truth and beauty "objects"?

It would surely be better to state political opinions as opinions, rather than to support them with history that is too inexact to be history and philosophy that is too inexact to be philosophy. Liberalism cannot imitate its enemies and replace inquiry with propaganda. It becomes one more cosy provincial creed, when whole epochs of thought and achievement are dismissed with some summary phrase of contempt. If the pursuit of truth (and not Truth) is an end, and tolerance is of value, then the understanding of any civilisation, and of the ideas of those who made it, must go down to the particular case; to their details and their differences; for, both in theory and in practice, liberal (and socialist) values are concerned with the difficult variety of individuals, and not with some cold war of empty abstractions; these are, and always have been, the weapons of the opposing side, to eliminate complexities and to advocate a creed.

It is therefore strange that, under the title of *Principia Politica*, understanding should be confined to the civilisation of an imaginary Athens and to modern social democracy; the greater part of human experience and achievement is left out, as if it had been some silly mistake. But the first problem of politics is the meeting of different civilisations and the balancing of claims and of conflicts between them. And there must always be some unreality in any writing on politics which does not convey the atmosphere in which decisions are actually made, the decisions of ambitious men engaged in some confused struggle for position and with concrete problems before them. This is surely the subject-matter of politics, and a moralist may easily dislike and ignore it. The great political analysts have usually been failed statesmen, still intently prolonging the play of power in their minds, as a great critic may be a nearly original writer; they can each recognise precisely the point at which success is divided from failure and the difficulties of any achievement.

No form of government, not even social democracy, can be either brought into existence or defended by pointing to Values, as if they were written on a blackboard. Some more accurate understanding is needed of motives which are different from one's own and of the conditions of life which produce them.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

TAMER AND HAWK

I thought I was so tough,
But gentled at your hands
Cannot be quick enough
To fly for you and show
That when I go I go
At your commands.

Even in flight above
I am no longer free:
You sealed me with your love,
I am blind to other birds—
The habit of your words
Has hooded me.

As formerly, I wheel
I hover and I twist,
But only want the feel,
In my possessive thought,
Of catcher and of caught
Upon your wrist.

You but half-civilise,
Taming me in this way.
Through having only eyes
For you I fear to lose,
I lose to keep, and choose
Tamer as prey.

THOM GUNN

THE GERMAN GENERALS IN POLITICS

The Nemesis of Power. The German Army in Politics, 1918-1945. By J. W. WHEELER-BENNETT. *Macmillan.* 50*s*.

Clemenceau said that war is too serious a matter to be left to generals. To judge from the record of the German generals, politics is too serious a matter for them also. It is difficult to think of any way in which they can be usefully employed. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett has found the German generals a fascinating field of study from the distant days when he listened to Hoffmann's dramatic stories of the Eastern Front, and laid the foundations for his brilliant book on the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. His own attitude has always been a curious mixture of admiration and disapproval; admiration for their professional standards, disapproval of their political blunders. Now he has written, at somewhat excessive length, the story of their political adventures, from the day when Hindenburg and Groener first sustained Ebert in 1918 to the unconditional surrender of 1945.

The story is in three parts. The first tells how the defeated High Command helped the Weimar Republic to come into existence, and how Seeckt prepared the new German army under the restrictions of the Treaty of Versailles. Here are the curious details of secret rearmament and the unacknowledged alliance with Soviet Russia which the army sustained. The second part is devoted to the part played by the army, and especially by Schleicher, in the declining years of the Republic, culminating in the blunders which allowed Hitler to come to power. The third and longest part describes the relations of the German army with Hitler. First, they supposed that he was their obedient agent. Then they became, as they thought, equal partners. Finally, the generals lost faith in his leadership, and some of them tried, bravely though ineffectively, to overthrow him. They met a brutal end, hanged from meathooks; and Hitler destroyed the German officer corps before destroying himself.

This is an exciting and dramatic story. Unfortunately much of it has been told already; and the reader may boggle at seven hundred pages on the subject, even though they add something to his previous knowledge. One gets, indeed, the impression that Mr. Wheeler-Bennett originally planned a more limited book on the German resistance. Then, anticipated in that field by others, he took the story back to 1918 in order to strengthen his claim to attention. He himself has covered much of the earlier ground in his biography of Hindenburg, and whole paragraphs are transferred from this to his new book. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett is, no doubt, right to be proud of his more colourful passages and is justified in thinking that they are beyond improvement. But it is a little wearing for the innocent reader to go through them again word for word. On occasion, the story is the exact reverse of the previous version, though it is told with equal assurance. This may shake the reader's confidence in Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's reliability, for the most part without justification. All the available sources have been meticulously examined; and if some of the stories rest on verbal testimony, they add drama to the rest.

The book is an indictment against the political ineptitude of the German generals. They are accused first of interfering in politics and secondly of interfering so incompetently that they brought Hitler's tyranny down on themselves and on the world. This indictment seems a little overdrawn. The German generals, for the most part, did not seek political power; it was forced upon them by the timidity of the civilian politicians. Hindenburg and Groener could have been swept out of existence in 1918 if Ebert had wished to do it. Instead he sought their alliance and appealed to them for help. The Chancellor of the Reich ordered them to restore order. It would have been a gesture of much greater political independence if they had refused. Again Seeckt was no doubt a military organiser of great ability, who followed his own line without much thought for the civilians. But these civilians, from Ebert to Stresemann, knew of his dealings with Soviet Russia and could have ended them at a moment's notice. When Ebert asked: "Will the army stick to the Republic?" Seeckt answered: "The army will stick to me." This was a gesture of defiance, but it rested on bluff, and the bluff could have been called. Ebert was Commander-in-Chief as well as President. He could have dismissed Seeckt out of hand if he had wished to assert his constitutional authority. He did not do so, and that for a simple reason. He welcomed the army which Seeckt was building up. After all, it is the job of generals to organise an army, even if this is forbidden by treaty; it is for the civilians to stop them.

Nor can the army be blamed for the rise of Hitler. That responsibility rests on the German voters and on all those who financed and supported him. It is strange constitutional doctrine that generals should forbid the leader of the largest single party to take office, particularly when he can offer a coalition which will provide a parliamentary majority. Bruening and Papen were guilty when they ruled by presidential decree; and so were the Social Democrats and the Communists when they failed to combine. But it seems hard to blame the generals for not saving the German people from themselves. Schleicher, indeed, played a dangerous and equi-

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vocal part; but he played it as a politician, not as a general. The army ought perhaps to have insisted on keeping order in Germany. But constitutional life has already broken down when the army has to be called in to preserve order.

The army's relations with Hitler are a different matter. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett makes it a high count against the generals that they never conspired against Hitler for preparing war, but only when he seemed to be preparing defeat. Once more, it is hard to blame them. Generals, alone in the community, may be excused for not regarding war as a crime. When Hitler provided victories, he made the generals look foolish and knocked the bottom out of their resistance. The German generals were patriots, not pacifists; and their only object in trying to overthrow Hitler was to get better terms from the allies than they would get by keeping him. Their resistance was heroic, though ineffective, but it was resistance based solely on service to Germany.

A community is diseased when generals are expected to play a political part. The record of the German generals is no worse than that of the French generals during the Dreyfus case or of English generals during the Curragh mutiny. The French politicians brought their generals to heel; and if our record is less good, that is the fault of Asquith—a sort of English Ebert. The German people thought it more important to conquer the Poles and the Czechs than to build a democratic community; and they still do—though of course they would like to have both. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett allows the reader no doubt about this. A rearmed Germany will bid again for the mastery of Europe; and no amount of treaty safeguards can stop it. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett, as a loyal British conservative, holds that the price of checking Russia is worth paying; but he knows that the price will have to be paid. When we are faced with the bill, we should not blame the German generals. We should blame the German politicians—and our own.

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COPTS AND KINGSMEN

My Host The World. By GEORGE SANTAYANA. *Cresset Press.* 15*s*.

Cities And Men. By SIR HARRY LUKE. *Bles.* 25*s*.

Into Hidden Burma. By MAURICE COLLIS. *Faber.* 18*s*.

"Santayana is a ton of feathers." I cannot remember who said this—Edmund Wilson perhaps, or could it have been Hemingway on one of his rare appearances in an intellectual arena?—but I was reminded of it rather often while reading *My Host The World*. This, published posthumously, is the third volume of Santayana's autobiography. It begins at Cambridge in the late Nineties and ends at Rome in the nineteen-forties.

It is a short and scrappy book, so scrappy that you wonder whether it was properly finished. Some of the philosophical flights are irritatingly trite and fluffy. There are noteworthy displays of obscurantism, and blue-sky-writing:

> The passion of love, sublimated, does not become bloodless, or free from bodily trepidation as charity and philanthropy are. It is essentially the spiritual flame of a carnal fire that has turned all its fuel into light. The psyche is not thereby atrophied; on the contrary, the range of its reactions has been enlarged. It has learned to vibrate harmoniously to many things at once in a peace which is an orchestration of transcended sorrows.

The gossipy bits are rather more interesting, of course. In the King's part there is an amusing if illogical—for it seems to blame him for being club-footed—sketch of Oscar Browning, that amiable, legendary sociophile, snob and bluffer. Logic does not seem to have been Santayana's forte; he writes some oddly disconnected sentences:

> I am not an admirer of celebrities or curious about them. Obscure people, if they are nice, interest me much more. However, under the circumstances it was as well for me to go. Lord Acton was a catholic and a German. I don't know how he came to be an Englishman. . . . The vision, I might almost say the smell of a mind (Acton's) stocked like an old trunk with remnants of faded finery and knick-knacks, moved me to sadness not unmixed with aversion.

There are pleasanter recollections of McTaggart, and of Santayana's friends, Wedd and Lowes Dickinson. There is a critical appreciation of Bertrand Russell: Verdict: "Yet on the whole it seemed to me that his achievements were less than his capacities"—together with a sound dismissal of logical positivism as dying out in solipsism. This is followed by an account of the matrimonial misadventures of Bertrand Russell's elder brother, Stanley, the "bigamist." In the Oxford part you get a glimpse of Bridges, and a day at Garsington with Lady Ottoline Morrell and Lytton Strachey whom Santayana seems to have found faintly shocking. There is also a little bit of travel in the Near East, a gnat-like return to Spain, before the rather thin end in Rome. This is not the book to judge Santayana by; but a sympathetic preface might have helped.

Sir Harry Luke is a lively, waggish, extrovert, cultivated retired proconsul *en pantoufles*. *Cities And Men*, the second volume of his memoirs, makes as good reading as the first. It begins in 1914 in Cyprus and ends in Palestine in 1924. In between you get his experiences of the first world war in the Eastern Mediterranean where he was a naval Political Officer; life in Constantinople just after the Armistice; and a particularly interesting mission to the Transcaucasian Republics, Georgia, Armenia and Azerbaijan, before they were finally taken over by the Bolsheviks. His headquarters were at Tiflis, but he moved about as much as he could. He gives you a fascinating glimpse of Baku when it was a city of Tartar oil millionaires, a place of crude undigested wealth like an American Far Western city during a gold rush but with a top dressing of European culture over its Tsarist Russian and oriental background: huge meals of grilled sturgeon steak and mountains of delicious Caspian caviare eaten to the accompaniment of shots in the street. In 1920, Sir Harry became Assistant Governor of Jerusalem under his friend, Sir Ronald Storrs. Typically, his first official encounter was with the Abbot of the Abyssinians—

> who had just received a telegram from his sovereign, the Empress Judith, predecessor of Haile Selassie, to the effect that the Abyssinian monks and nuns, who had hitherto occupied together the Abyssinian share of the Holy Sepulchre, that is to say the roof of St. Helen's Chapel, were in future to be separated. . . . I went on to ask how long this monastic co-ed system had existed and was told about two hundred and thirty years.

There follows a delightful account of Jerusalem life, most of it inside the Old City, during the early and comparatively tranquil days of the Mandate. Religious strife is perpetual: "The Copts have been pouring slops from one of the upper windows of their convent on to the Via Dolorosa so as to make it wet for the Latin procession of the Stations of the Cross." Sir Harry has just the temperament, zestful but urbane, with a feeling for the grotesque, to appreciate the Near East.

In *Into Hidden Burma* Mr. Collis suffers from some disability in ego-manipulation. This is not the book we might have expected from the author of *Siamese White* and *Trials in Burma*. It opens with his return to Burma after the first world war and takes you up to his retirement in 1934. Much of the going is rather soggy. There is a—to me at any rate—rather irritating overtone of mysticism which beclouds that sharpness I hope for in pictures of oriental life. An experience which obviously meant a lot to Mr. Collis—smelling a scented hill thought to be inhabited by benign beings—leaves me cold. One of the more vivid passages is told at second hand: an interview which another official, Mr. Noel Whiting, had with the old Queen Supayalat. There is also an amusing little interlude in Ireland presenting visiting Buddhist politicians to various notables, including Æ who bores them blue with the wrong kind of mumbo-jumbo.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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The Second Sex. By SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR. *Cape.* 50*s*.

Standing on the brink of this formidable volume, the reader, and still more the critical writer, may do well to hesitate. Suppose Miss Charlotte Yonge had been required to write upon the Second Kinsey Report . . . Does this suggest, perhaps, the reviewer's predicament? It would be delightful to think so; but it must soon appear that so simple an analogy cannot be made. It is true that Miss Yonge, with her quick fluent pen and her gifted, rigid mind, might have dealt briskly enough, in general terms, with her assignment. *The Second Sex*, though neither as sensational nor as particularised as one imagines Dr. Kinsey's work to be, would very likely have disturbed her more—if it could have penetrated her fixed and melancholy mid-Victorian belief in the infallibility of Church and parents, and in the permanent inferiority of all women.

The problems before the writer of this essay are of a more complex kind than those that might have faced Miss Yonge. It is not merely that the subject is hostile to the proper impersonality of the literary critic. It may happen that the critic is a woman; has never found it a disadvantage to be so; has never wished at any time to be otherwise; has never felt any of the curious envies that the Freudian disciples so obstinately would thrust on her. How difficult, even so, is a right detachment! But, more than that, the critic, whether as reader or writer, is all too conscious of the dangerous power that lies in words. Express an idea in words and the idea begins at once to exist—as any hypochondriac knows who consults a medical textbook. Concepts of morality and sin, of prudery and modesty; the mystique of parenthood and conjugal love and other such notions, are not fixed at all (though each generation seems to think of its own as the absolute). Literature, indeed, which starts by recording and reflecting life, has a dis-

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concerning habit of directing it in return. Most of us, we find, come out of one novel or another: a Dorothy Parker, a Barrie, a Compton-Burnett. And if the handbook of medicine or psychology can suggest to a susceptible reader a state of ill-health or neurosis, the popular novel or magazine can be even more effective in dictating a view—not, alas, a very noble one—of love, marriage, home life, tastes, and abilities.

Who then, if any, should be the readers of a book so serious, so intelligent, but so disturbingly suggestive as *The Second Sex*? Many, I have no doubt, will not be scientific experts studying it for professional reasons; many, I am certain, will not be women. Now this is a pity; for it is a book which most women, particularly young ones, married ones, parents, and all novel and cinema-addicts would do very well to examine. In its seven hundred pages the author considers her subject through the aspects of history, psychology and biology, yet with pleasantly little of the earnestness that makes sociological books often so spiritually indigestible. Her touch is light, not without wit; in a section on literature, a chapter on the hysterical de Montherlant is a brilliant piece of analytic deflation. On prostitution and abortion she writes with sympathetic understanding; on marriage and maternity in the modern world she is extraordinarily clear-sighted. But all this would matter less if it did not lead to the encouraging conclusion that the negative lives of most women are laid down by history, not by divine decree or biological law. "One is not born, but rather becomes a woman."

A reader may complain a little (unjustly perhaps, remembering history) that this valuable study is concerned too exclusively with the events and relationships that arise from or depend on sex—interesting matters, but not the only ones to be so in life or in literature. It is curious that the least adequate chapter is on the Independent Woman—here, perhaps, the colouring (as in some of the descriptions of family and married life) is noticeably French. (The American translator, I should add, obligingly notes, from time to time, his own country's variations.) In contrast, the author's eye for the idle dependent woman—her pursuits, her conservatism—is unfailingly clear. Religion for her, as it did for Miss Yonge,

> confirms the social order; it justifies her resignation by giving her the hope of a better future in a sexless heaven . . . The Church is notably hostile to all measures likely to help in women's emancipation. There must be religion for women; and there must be women . . . to perpetuate religion.

Man, she adds, "enjoys the great advantage of having a God endorse the code he writes."

But the truth is that the old world through old beliefs still has a strong hold on the new. A sign of this is the half-humorous complacency of so many writers about the degraded lives of "sheltered" women in Ancient Greece or the East or mid-Victorian England. Their situation did not make them attractive; in spite of all the hymnologists there is nothing noble or even pleasant about abject humility, whether it occurs in servants, negroes, women, animals, or the poor. In the modern world, sad to say, the counterparts of these ladies, among married women, still exist. It is in professional life—particularly in broadcasting and the theatre, in writing and other of the arts—that a natural equality has arisen. There is not even a loss to set against this gain. Still, Mlle de Beauvoir concedes, it is true

> that doing away with the slave trade meant death to the great plantations, magnificent with azaleas and camellias; it meant ruin to the whole refined Southern civilisation. In the attics of time rare old laces have joined the clear pure voices of the Sistine *castrati*, and there is a certain "feminine charm" that is also on the way to the same dusty repository. I agree that he would be a barbarian indeed who failed to appreciate exquisite flowers, rare lace, the crystal-clear voice of the eunuch . . .

Yet the real unknown losses of the past, she suggests (as Gray did in his Elegy) must be the many forms of talent and of genius that could never come to use. Even in early history, she notes, in the few roles where the fact of sex played no part at all—the sovereign's or the saint's—women were able to rise to the greatest of heights. If the growing opportunities of our time have produced many gifted women, but few of outstanding greatness, there are, proportionally, even fewer outstanding men. It is probable that the present age, which is analytic and interpretative, does not encourage greatness in its persons. The recent award of the Nobel Prize for Literature to a statesman demonstrated the difficulty of finding a worthy candidate among professional men of letters; nor are we compensated for the absence of major poets and novelists by greatness in men of affairs and politicians.

But, then, if we return to the thesis of this book, the history of woman lies in the future; her chances have hardly yet begun. Today, a real guilt lies with parents who differentiate in value between their sons and daughters; with "educationalists" who would substitute "crafts" for education—courses, that is, in housework and infant-tending, as if a child lay for ever in the cradle; with marriage guidance experts who try to bend the persons to the institution; with producers of women's magazines which assume (and create) a posse of readers able to think of no world outside the harem and the scullery; with the writers of any children's book in which a boy expresses scorn for girls or a girl desires to be a boy. It is important to remember, however, that while injustice is without exception the worst evil that the human world has to offer its inhabitants, the grievous history of woman is only one of the forms it has taken. Sentimentalists who, for subjective reasons, devote themselves to one or other of its aspects (the treatment of animals or of children, for instance) and are indifferent to the rest may mend the surface of their favourite wrong a little, but can never do anything to remove its causes.

NAOMI LEWIS

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Follies and Grottoes. By BARBARA JONES. *Constable.* 40*s.*

Follies are an acquired, perhaps an outworn taste. Grottoes, which met an eighteenth-century need, strike us as merely curious. We can feel melancholy without a damp cave to sit in, or a cupola encrusted with shells. Yet for an age which has lost the habit of them these architectural fancies, like other ephemera, have a peculiar charm, and the folly-fancier is a very specialised collector. Miss Barbara Jones, who has already given much pleasure with *The Unsophisticated Arts*, a book exploring the not unrelated territory of fairground fantasy, railway ornament and blancmange architecture, now provides a folly handbook as seriously frivolous as the Egyptian Aviary at Tong or Ralph Allen's sham castle. It is practically a folly itself, especially about the price; like a pretty Gothic tower it gives an unsuspected view of the countryside, and is full of the flavour of learning seasoned with *chi-chi*.

The definition of folly is rather loose. The Oxford Dictionary, a little impatiently, says it is "a name given to any costly structure considered to have shown folly in the builder," but adds grudgingly, in brackets, "(But cf. F. *folie*, 'delight,' 'favourite abode.')." It is with this second definition that Miss Jones is most in sympathy, though she declines to make any rule as to what is strictly a folly and what is not. It can be a sham ruin placed on a hill for picturesque reasons, or a tower built for no other purpose than the enjoyment of the view, or an artificial cave for thinking in, or stables built to look like a medieval fortress, or, indeed, any useless architectural *jeu d'esprit* which has been built for pleasure and has a touch of madness. It is nearly always a rich man's toy (though there are shell and crockery-encrusted cottages and folly-front-gardens which are the fruits of the same urge at a more democratic level) and is often crumbling, forgotten, lost among nettles and thistles, the particular victim of local hooliganism. If the man of taste in the eighteenth or nineteenth century delighted to embellish his estate with some architectural eccentricity, so do the free spirits of the twentieth delight to pull it down, break its windows, dislodge its stones, obscenely deface its walls. Soon all those follies which are not preserved by national or private care will have disappeared. The folly-fancier must hurry.

Nearly all follies have a good story attached to them, usually untrue. Local legend favours nameless orgies, and many a harmless piece of sham Gothic, built in all innocence by an amateur of the picturesque, is pointed out as the remains of an unspeakable convent, connected with a nobleman's seat by underground passages which are, unaccountably, lost. Perhaps the only genuinely orgiastic follies are in the group at West Wycombe, built by Sir Francis Dashwood of rake-hell repute. The West Wycombe caves, with their sinister flint Gothic entrances, may be no more than the caverns left after excavating the chalk for making the new road in 1752, but that is an explanation nobody cares for. They are, as Miss Jones says, "a terribly unpleasant toy."

There have been sweeping fashions in follies, as in most other things. Once it was grottoes; no seat of any pretensions could be without one. They gave scope for rich and exquisite shell-mosaics, for which the owners imported foreign shells by the ship-load. Nowadays they are mostly sad, faded and dusty; the only grotto I know of in, so to speak, running order is at Bodnant, and that has advantages unknown to the eighteenth century, being properly heated like a greenhouse, richly upholstered in real moss, dripping and tinkling all over with company's water, African violets blooming in every crevice. It would be perfectly in keeping to have tea there, served by a footman in green plush; perhaps this is what eighteenth-century grottoes were like in their heyday.

After grottoes there were caves, inhabited by hermits—surely the strangest fashion that has ever found a following? They gave an object for a

little stroll in the grounds, but the hermits themselves were a difficulty; they had to be advertised for, and though specifically paid for not washing, shaving or cutting their nails for seven years, were drunken and unreliable, and nearly always ungratefully absconded. Tunnels and underground chambers had a passing vogue, and the boom in archæology produced some charming miniature Stonehenges on private estates, which are now, naturally, pointed out to the curious as Druids' Circles.

There is certainly great pleasure and interest to be found in the study of follies, and Miss Jones is, in her way, a pioneer. Many people who chance on her continuously amusing book in the public library will be moved to inspect follies they never glanced at before. What she has already done for the pie-mould and the paper streamer she has now achieved for the obelisk and the grot, and thanks to her spirited researches there is a new kind of sight-seeing to be done. This is its first Bædeker.

MARGARET LANE

NEW NOVELS

Waiting for Camilla. By ELIZABETH MONTAGU. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Hackenfeller's Ape. By BRIGID BROPHY. *Hart-Davis.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

A Time to Laugh. By LAURENCE THOMPSON. *Deutsch.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Cousin Bazilio. By EÇA DE QUEIROZ. Translated by ROY CAMPBELL. *Reinhardt.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Time and Time Again. By JAMES HILTON. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The long-fashionable waste land of fiction—wrong marriages, lassitude and frustration—continues to exert its grey appeal over new novelists. Miss Elizabeth Montagu has gone there in her first book, *Waiting for Camilla*: the cracked tocsin sounds in the first word of her title. Yet, in spite of the familiarity of its theme and the frequent uncertainty of its execution, *Waiting for Camilla* establishes Miss Montagu straightway as an author of very impressive talent.

Her story is set in the house of a dying woman in Sussex. Here, as they wait not only for Miriam to die but for her sister Camilla to come with her promise of change, her family, her doctor (who has loved Camilla) and her childhood friend, reflect back on the lives that have brought them to this lifeless time and place. The management of this difficult, because largely static, narrative is often jerky. Miss Montagu rather overdoes sentences like "He did not hear the rest of what she said": this is enervating. But where she is outstanding is in her grasp of her characters. Not only are they many-faceted, but through one facet explicitly revealed she draws one's eyes firmly across to another, totally different. She notices the kind of things that people notice, and out of some little emotion teases a whole attitude of being. And her metaphor is nearly always shrewd and delightful: thus Claire, a girl, thinks of her father whom she has just shocked by laughing at something:

> . . . his face . . . looked like a great railway junction and it was sad, as a great railway junction is sad, because all those lines that come from somewhere and are going somewhere else, there, are only passing through. Her laughter, now, came from a great distance, roared through his consciousness like an express train and away, leaving only bewilderment. So that she said quickly:
>
> "I do understand, Father, I was laughing at Colin because by the look on his face clearly he didn't . . ."

So it seems a safe prophecy that if Miss Montagu strikes out into more original country, and is more exacting in her minute-by-minute handling of her plot, her next novel will be very fine indeed.

Miss Brigid Brophy's *Hackenfeller's Ape* is also a first novel, although a year ago she published a volume of short stories that received much praise. It is an elegant and astonishing little tale of a romantic professor's attempt to save Percy, a rare anthropoid ape, from being despatched skywards in a rocket experiment. Percy is an animal on the very fringe of human consciousness; and his presence in the story serves from beginning to end to display the ways of man in his role as simply the highest mammal—part of a bright, neutral, buzzing world—and, on the other, both the laudable achievements and the complete absurdities of the spirit that so curiously differentiates him. Miss Brophy has a very precise and vivid style, which alone could have done the trick; with it, she is constantly delivering the most delicately glancing blows on one from always unexpected angles—odd little ironies of human activity bubble up and burst, the world momentarily goes crazy, then settles back to its still ridiculous normal again. The final "Soliloquy of an Embryo"—for there is a female ape in the story, and Percy in the end knows one joy in captivity before he dies—must be quite without a parallel in literature. Yet it is perhaps the most convincing, comical and painful character sketch in the book. Certainly Miss Brophy is beginning to make a distinctive contribution to our time's fiction.

Mr. Laurence Thompson in *A Time to Laugh* has let himself down a little, I would say, by an occasional lack of confidence in his story. It is the account of the experiences of a simple, gentle man from an African tribe when he is recruited for wartime service in the army. Mr. Thompson has clearly observed native soldiers very acutely, and taken pains to understand them: Gadein's bewilderment, his acquiescence, as the work of evil spirits, in the injustices that his sharper fellows and ill-fortune heap upon him, and more happily his trusts and his pleasures, convincingly disturb or delight. A sketch of an African officer, learned and sensitive but quite lost in a British officers' mess, is very amusing without a hint of unkindness. But Mr. Thompson has seemed to imagine sometimes that his story is flagging, and has there attempted to remedy the matter by injecting it with the strained facetiousness of the humour columns of the Saturday evening papers. The book suffers this without any real harm; but it is sad that it should be marked at all by so completely unnecessary a blemish.

The last two novels woefully illustrate the difference between popular middle-class fiction in nineteenth-century Portugal and twentieth-century England. One may say that Eça de Queiroz's romantic melodrama *Cousin Bazilio* is not only unsubtle but false; but at least it falsifies and smoothes out according to a pattern of passion and remorse that is still exciting. And at this level of imagination it is indisputably more agreeable to read of love on a dark morocco couch shaded by blue cretonne curtains from the luminious air outside, than of encounters in Lyons' teashops. The heroine of *Cousin Bazilio*, though she died, would have *liked* to read of her life glamourised thus; but the English diplomat whose life Mr. Hilton describes in *Time and Time Again* would certainly have repudiated so completely stereotyping and dull a biography: even though he was nicknamed "Stuffy." *This* Charles Anderson could only say with a character of M. Jules Romains,

"*Je connais le bonheur de n'être presque pas.*"

Mr. Hilton's story is very professionally told; it reads easily throughout its 300 pages; but it is a product of the waste land.

DERWENT MAY

SOMEONE HAD BLUNDERED

The Reason Why. By CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH. *Constable.* 15*s.*

We have learned to dread the scholarly sequel. Too many pundits, having produced their authoritative work on, say, Charles II, pour out the remaining contents of their notebooks in a dribble of Caroline Gleanings, Caroline Essays and Caroline Studies as lukewarm and unappetising as boarding-house hash. But those who expect of Mrs. Woodham-Smith's second work on the Crimea another such unpalatable

CH

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HEINEMANN

mess of left-overs will be delightfully surprised. *The Reason Why* is a work which by itself, even without the *réclame* of its distinguished predecessor, would establish the author as one of our most admirable writers of popular history. This is not simply the scourings of Mrs. Woodham-Smith's card-indexes on Florence Nightingale, but a serious work in its own right: a double biography of the notorious Earls of Lucan and Cardigan, a fresh account of the campaign in the Crimea, and a study of the amazing condition of the British Army a hundred years ago.

"If the connection between the Army and the higher class of society were dissolved," wrote Lord Palmerston when the abolition of the purchase system was mooted, "the Army would present a dangerous and unconstitutional appearance." The ideals of 1688 and those of military efficiency were incompatible: a professional army, commanded by professional officers promoted for ability with no stake in the social and political system of the land, would be a dangerously inviting instrument of tyranny. The Whig aristocracy, haunted not so much by the memory of Cromwell as by that of James II and his camp on Hounslow Heath, were determined that the armed forces should be little more than a concentrated form of the militia, officered by gentlemen whose social status and reliability should be guaranteed by a heavy cash payment for their commissions. The loss in military efficiency was, after all, not great so long as Continental armies were officered on the same principles; and the example of the French, who attained unprecedented military effectiveness at the cost of unprecedented domestic tyranny, confirmed all suspicions.

Thus the purchase system weathered the Napoleonic Wars intact. Promotion for regular officers ceased at the rank of captain or major; the colonelcy of regiments was bought over their heads by aristocratic amateurs who, considering neither their duties to the men under them nor their responsibilities in training the unit for war, regarded their acquisition as a social asset, which must be made to enhance their own prestige by the splendour of its uniforms and the brilliance of its drill. George Bingham, 3rd Earl of Lucan, bought the 17th Lancers for £25,000, and by his punctilious attention to their dress secured them the name of "Bingham's Dandies." His notorious rival and brother-in-law, the 6th Earl of Cardigan, whose treatment of the 15th Hussars was so inhuman that he had to be deprived of his command, acquired the 11th Hussars for £40,000. Dressing the regiment in the gay red trousers which it still wears, he stationed the finest-looking of its troopers about the West End to salute him on his morning walks. "The brevity of their jackets," wrote an observer, "the irrationality of their headgear, the incredible tightness of their cherry-coloured pants altogether defy description." In the field these officers displayed a cantankerous independence reminiscent of the baronial leaders of liveried factions in the Wars of the Roses: only a truly terrifying personality such as Wellington's could reduce them to order.

As the cold light of Utilitarianism brightened over the nineteenth century, the glitter of the old system began to look a little tawdry. Radicals in the House of Commons and in *The Times* asked awkward questions, especially about the incredible behaviour of Lord Cardigan. But the old order closed its ranks. The Whigs took their stand on the supremacy of the aristocracy, the Tories defended the prerogatives of the Crown, and any attack on the Army threatened both. So in 1854 the higher command still consisted of gentlemen of wealth and leisure who regarded war as an exhilarating extension of fox-hunting. They made good regimental officers, within limits. They knew nothing of strategy and tactics, they ignored problems of administration and supply, but they led their men into action with unflinching courage. Cardigan led his Light Brigade up to and over the Russian guns. "Yes, he's brave, damn him," an enemy admitted of the odious Lucan. As for the men, if they survived the staff work which camped them in fever-haunted swamps with neither medical supplies nor shelter, which sent them on the march with inadequate food and no water and which launched them into the attack without forethought or reconnaissance, they fought with a disciplined skill and courage which made them, as French memoirs of the Napoleonic period freely confess, without equal in the world. The close-order drill and the musketry drummed into them by their N.C.O.s and junior officers had not yet, in 1854, been rendered obsolete, and in the Crimea it paid rich dividends. The regiments of the British Army won battles in spite of the incompetence with which they were handled: that is the moral of the Charge of the Light Brigade, as it is of the Guards' attack on the heights of the Alma, and of the stand of the Argylls before Balaclava—to quote no more recent examples.

Mrs. Woodham-Smith brings out this lesson well. But she goes too far when she suggests the origins of the Charge of the Light Brigade must be sought in the personal characteristics and relationships of Lord Lucan, who launched the movement, and of Lord Cardigan, who led it. Both in fact behaved impeccably—and quite untypically. Lucan merely passed on a task specifically indicated by the staff officer sent by the commander-in-chief. Cardigan, having respectfully pointed out the lunacy of the order, carried it out with devoted courage. Both, in fact, displayed a most unusual degree of mutual cooperation and obedience to orders. As for Nolan, the staff officer responsible, he was no aristocratic amateur. Almost alone on Raglan's gilded staff he was a trained and experienced professional soldier of European renown. It was in fact the spirit of Irony, and not of Nemesis, which brooded over the Charge of the Light Brigade.

MICHAEL HOWARD

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SHORTER REVIEWS

Law and Social Change in the U.S.S.R. By JOHN N. HAZARD. *Stevens.* 25s.

"The mass of studies in the West," writes Professor Hazard, "tending towards the conclusion that the ownership of wealth no longer spells power, seems to have made little impression upon the mind of the Soviet intellectual." The managerial revolution goes unrecognised, and so does what Professor Hazard regards as the usurpation of power in the West by the trade unions. Lenin's annulment of landed property rights and investments set the stage for a system of law in which the individual has virtually ceased to matter.

Mr. Hazard, who is now Professor of Public Law at Columbia University, had watched Soviet law in operation at close quarters for nearly twenty years when he was invited to lecture about it at Cambridge; and his book gives the substance of the lectures. They set out to relate the Soviet system of law to the process of moulding a new society by the centralised use of power, in a "capitalist encirclement" that must be held off until the Soviet Union is ready for the "inevitable" war. There is now a huge literature about Soviet law—Professor Hazard appends a valuable bibliography—but little attempt has hitherto been made to show how the law of property, traditionally in other countries the essence of "private" law, has in the U.S.S.R. been looked upon as the key to power, and how the criminal law, in particular, has become an instrument with which the leadership may deal with its enemies. This is what Professor Hazard does, in a book of comprehensive scope and sustained interest.

The Riddle of Emily Dickinson. By REBECCA PATTERSON. *Gollancz.* 21s.

According to this book, Emily Dickinson had a love affair, "passionate" though never "consummated," with one Kate Scott Anthon, and then spent the last twenty-five years of her life in a state of creative despondency for which Mrs. Anthon is to be held at least partly responsible. The author works away for 400 pages to convince us that her thesis is correct. She has been diligent, and decidedly ingenious, following the trail of Mrs. Anthon to that lady's final home under Helm Crag in Grasmere. Most of the book, indeed, is taken up with Mrs. Anthon: and it has a kind of incidental value, in lingering over the area of Victorian sentiment that is somewhere between gush and eroticism.

Nor can the theory be dismissed as *completely* unfounded. Mrs. Patterson has a few bits of evidence to go upon—three letters from "Emilie" to her friend, a poem with the name "Kate" in it, other affectionate poems addressed not to men but to women. Beyond this meagre allowance of fact, however, nearly all is conjecture. Just as the author adds 700 feet on to Helm Crag to make it "tower" over Grasmere, so she parlays "possiblys" into "probablys", and these into "certainlys", "undoubtedlys" and "must-have-beens": counters in the game of blindman's bluff which biographers find themselves playing when they run short of reliable material. At the end of the book, one feels that Emily Dickinson has slipped through the cordon. The riddle is as much—or as little—of a riddle as before; the thesis remains unproven—and perhaps not worth proving, even if it had been.

The Globe Restored: A Study of the Elizabethan Theatre. By C. WALTER HODGES. *Benn.* 50s.

If Shakespeare's cockpit couldn't hold the vasty fields of France, it must certainly have been able to accommodate spectacle whose intricacy and splendour would satisfy an audience far more exacting in its demands than was once supposed. The core of the mystery still eludes us, but, thanks to the meticulous research of scholars like Dr. Cranford Adams, we are getting nearer all the time. To his findings, published ten years ago, the present study offers a provocative challenge. The author, co-designer of the Mermaid Theatre, sagely reminds us that even the most inspired reconstruction is no substitute for the "living artistic reality." That still awaits restoration. Opposing Adams's assumption that the tiring-house (the superstructure backing the stage proper) was very much like a "short row of London houses,"

Mr. Hodges deduces from such evidence as is offered by contemporary folio title-pages, the ornate Flemish Rederyker stages, and the Arches of Triumph devised for the coronation of James I, an affair more Italianate, baroque and imaginatively grandiose. Assuredly, here is a setting more appropriate for your squib-spouting devils, flaming Heavens vomiting their deities, cannonades and all the scenic profligacy of the time.

His conception, which squashes our half-timbered ideas on the subject, finds convincing support in a new model of the Globe (by Frances Malek) housed in Columbia University. Several other matters are contested, not least the very nature of the development of the Elizabethan playhouse out of its components—the traditional booth-stage and the bull-and-bear amphitheatre (admirably illustrated in a series of drawings worth chapters of speculative fog). This is a less scholarly work than its American predecessor but far more enticing to the average reader with its sixty-odd plates. An unhappy misprint, a wrong attribution, and an ill-advised tilt against Sir Edmund Chambers on a point of German translation, are blemishes that could easily have been avoided.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,238

Set by C. L. Drummond

Competitors are asked to produce a clerihew *or* 4-line epigram on the earlier and earlier appearance each year in the shops of Father Christmas and Christmas gifts. Entries by November 24.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,235

Set by Naomi Lewis

Prizes are offered for a valedictory poem in the form of a rondel or villanelle, bidding farewell to a lost cause, a habit, an illusion, a virtue, a vice, *or* a career.

Report by Naomi Lewis

I had hoped that this subject might discover the poet as well as the wit that lodges in each of our competitors; but entries, though fairly numerous, were in that way disappointing. The mood of Austin Dobson rather than the muse of Villon or Voltaire prevailed. It may be that competitors are not anxious to part with their habits or illusions—though those admitted were as diverse as the receiving of psycho-analytic treatment (Robert D. Kempner's "Farewell, upholstered couch, farewell the hour . . ."), to the giving of blood, and the playing of chess—

I do not like the Bishops, I confess;
Can one obliquity in them commend? (Bayard Simmons).

Several schoolmasters—wishfully, perhaps—bade farewell to chalk and gown. People on the whole conformed very fairly to the set metres: good entries, therefore, which deviated too noticeably from the accepted pattern were harassing to the setter's conscience—G. J. Blundell's *rondeau*, for instance. A two-guinea prize goes to Lakon; Pat Bullen, D. Jones and Terence Melican share the remaining prize money. I would specially commend Chauve-Souris's lost cause poem *After Culloden*; and also the entries of Anthrax, V. N., R. S. Elliott, G. Wilson Smith, B. Rum, Francis Renny, Victor Cowan, Leslie Johnson, Bayard Simmons, Nancy Gunter, the Rev. J. P. Stevenson, Gerald Priestland, and "A Foreigner" (who last went in for a literary competition in 1888 and gained a second prize).

FAREWELL TO A LOST CAUSE

I might have made a villanelle
Of causes vanished long ago,
Giving greeting—not farewell.

Captive to an antique spell—
Ah, had habit made me so,
I might have made a villanelle.

But verses in my hand rebel
And only the illusions show,
Giving greeting—not farewell.

Discipline's a virtue. Well,
Had I that virtue, this I know,
I might have made a villanelle.

When forms obsess and rhymes compel
Obsessions into vices grow,
Giving greeting—not farewell.

Had I been—ah, who can tell?
A poet—who would ever know?
I might have made a villanelle
Giving greeting—not farewell.

LAKON

FAREWELL TO THE STAGE

They saw me act! farewell, dear thespian art!
The critics came and ruthlessly attacked,
I grieved them in the whole and in the part,
They saw me act.

I learned my lines, ad-libbed for those I lacked,
Believing acting burgeons from the heart:
O heartless! to be summarily sacked.

What can I turn to now? where shall I start?
The heart I offered to the stage is cracked:
You ask, Why did the audience depart?
They saw me act.

PAT BULLEN

FAREWELL TO THE LAW

Let no one think me false of heart.
There seemed no tome I'd left unturned;
The difficulty was, to *start*—

Each tome uncovered some strange part
Of something else I hadn't learned.
Let no one think me false of heart,

Who in pursuit of this stern art
So many midnight tapers burned;
The difficulty was, to *start*—

Each new approach seemed quite apart
From every rule I had discerned.
Let no one think me false of heart,

Or sold to some less noble mart;
Judge me, though absent, still concerned.
The difficulty was, to *start*;

The law was not an ass I spurned.
Considering how much I earned,
Let no one think me false of heart;
The difficulty was, to *start*. . . .

TERENCE MELICAN

FAREWELL TO AN ILLUSION

God! What chances we two missed,
Who might have kissed—aye, kissed and parted,
Derelict and broken-hearted,
Sick for love's sake—there's the twist:

Separately, we exist,
Safe, impassive, single-hearted:
God, what chances we two missed,
Who might have kissed—aye, kissed and parted!

Ah, what wisdom to resist
Passion's promptings, long departed;
It were folly to have started . . .
Yet my foolish doubts persist:
God, what chances we two missed!

D. JONES

CHESS: Sic Transit . . .

No. 215

It is a sad (and sobering) thought that a man who was rightfully considered one of the great hopes of the Chess World should be almost forgotten a few decades after his death. Were he alive now Gyula Breyer would just have celebrated his 60th birthday, but he died at the age of 27. When, some time ago, I did a piece about the equally untimely end of that other great Hungarian, R. Charousek, I had a note from Leslie Hale suggesting that Breyer, too, deserve. commemoration. A very proper suggestion as I soon learned when finding it none too easy to trace some of Breyer's games in the more handy anthologies. I had to write to Budapest to obtain a really substantial selection. Now I face an *embarras de richesse*. Shall I pick Breyer's great win against Tarrasch at Mann-

Should Punch be banished from waiting rooms?

Nothing could be less of a mental anaesthetic. Indeed, Punch becomes more stimulating every week. With a lively, incisive mind it uncovers the absurdities of private behaviour, and tilts at the cardboard cavaliers of public life.

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Perhaps it is the urbanity of Punch that makes it appear more tolerant than it is. Irony often goes undetected by its target. Are you sure that you are immune?

There are several contributors to this week's Punch whose writing takes a satirical turn. You might recognize yourself in one of Geoffrey Gorer's new Modern Types, or—if you are more fortunate—as one of Wolf Mankowitz's Money Makers. And Robert Graves has a poem, "Hippopotamus's Address to the Freudians", which should touch somebody's ego. Among the artists with a pretty line of satire are Thelwell, David Langdon and Norman Mansbridge Youshouldcertainly keepon yourguard.

PUNCH

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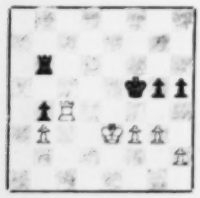
heim, 1914, or his smashing defeat of Spielmann at Berlin, 1920? Shall I revive his amusing brevity against Balla at Pystian, 1912, or that delightful hell-for-leather scrap he won against Havasi at Budapest 1917? On consideration, here is an equally exhilarating but more subtle game he won against the same opponent a year later.

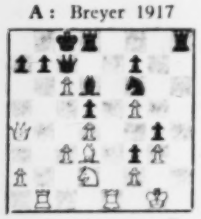
(1)	P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(17) QR-Kt1	K-B1
(2)	Kt-Q2	P-Q4	(18) P-R5	P-R4
(3)	P-K3	B-B4	(19) P-Kt5 !	P x P
(4)	P-QB4	P-B3	(20) B x P	R x P
(5)	KKt-B3	P-K3	(21) P-Q5 ! !	R x R
(6)	B-K2	B-Q3	(22) R x R	K-Kt1
(7)	P-B5	B-B2	(23) P-Q6	B-Kt1
(8)	P-QKt4	QKt-Q2	(24) Kt-B4	B-R2
(9)	B-Kt2	Kt-K5	(25) B-Q4	R-B1
(10)	Kt x Kt	P x Kt	(26) P-B4 ! !	B x P
(11)	Kt-Q2	Kt-B3	(27) P-Q7	Kt x P
(12)	P-Kt4 !	B-KKt3	(28) Q-R2	P-B3
(13)	P-KR4	P-KR4	(29) B x B	Kt x B
(14)	P x P	Kt x P	(30) Q-R8 ch	K-B2
(15)	Q-B2	Kt-B3	(31) B-K8 ch !	resigns
(16)	O-O-O	B-B4		

Obviously, (26) . . . P x P e.p. would have been countered by (27) Q-R2, Kt-R2, (28) Q-Kt3, B-Kt3, (29) Q-K5, etc. A fine combinative game, like so many of Breyer's; but he was a consummate endgame player too and, though his career encompassed less than a decade he left us a good deal of evidence, such as this subtle ending which, playing White against Treybal, he won at Breslau, 1912. Note the delightfully repeated *leitmotiv* R-KKt6!



(44)	R-B5 ch	K-Kt3		
(45)	P-R4 !	P x P		
(46)	P x P	R-K3 ch		
(47)	K-B4	R-KB3 ch		
(48)	K-K4	R-K3 ch		
(49)	R-K5	R-Kt3		
(50)	P-B4	R-Kt1		
(51)	P-B5 ch	K-B2		
(52)	R-K6	R-KKt1		
(53)	R-KKt6 !	R-QB1		
(54)	R-Kt3	K-B3	(61) K-K5	R-Kt5
(55)	K-B4	K-B2	(62) R-Kt7 ch	K-K1
(56)	R-Q3	R-KKt1	(63) K-B6 !	R x P
(57)	R-Q4	K-B3	(64) K-Kt5	R-R6
(58)	R-Q6 ch	K-B2	(65) R x P	P-R5
(59)	R-KKt6 !	R-QB1	(66) R-K4 ch	K-B2
(60)	R-QKt6	R-KKt1	(67) P-Kt4	resigns

A: Breyer 1917



In this week's competition the 4-pointer for beginners, fittingly, is a game position won by Breyer. With the Black pieces he played (23) . . . B x P. White countered (24) R x P. How did Black force a neat win in a few moves? Actually White resigned when, after Black's 30th move, he faced inescapable mate. **B** and **C** are both wins for White and should be well worth 6 and 7 points respectively.

B: Herbstmann 1929

C: Mattison 1925

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set on October 24

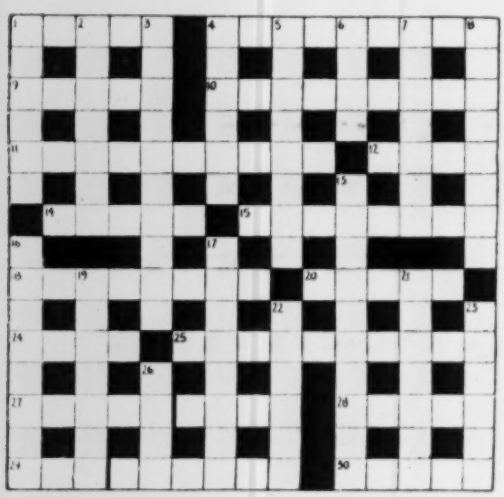
A: (1) Q-B8 ch, R x Q. (2) R x R ch, Kt-B1. (3) R-QR8 ch K x R. (4) R x Kt, mate.
if (1) . . . Q-Q1, (2) R-QR8 ch, K x R, (3) P x P, etc.
B: (1) Kt-Q2 ch, K-K7. (2) Kt-Kt1, B-Q4 ch. (3) K-R1, K-Q8. (4) Kt x P, K-B8. (5) Kt-B4, etc.
if (3) . . . P-R7. (4) Kt-B3 ch.
C: (1) B-R4 ch, K-Q4. (2) B x P, R-QR6. (3) K-Kt6, R x B. (4) B-Kt5, B x B. (5) P queens ch, B x Q ch. (6) K-Kt5, etc.

Quite a few dropped a point or two on **C**, more on **B**, some even on **A**. Prizes shared by E. Allan, C. Allen, D. E. Cohen, F. R. Oliver, A. J. Roycroft. *Londoners' 16th move* P x B. *Non-Londoners' 17th due by Nov. 18th.* In the 14th ladder-decade (ended in October) 1st prize to J. R. Harman who got 639 points since starting from scratch as one of the 10th Decade winners last December. C. Allen (one of the 7th Decade winners) is 2nd with 553 points. Third prize to Leslie Hale, another 10th Decade winner, and 4th to D. E. Cohen who won the 11th and totted up 506 points since February.

ASSTAC

Week-end Crossword No. 71

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 74, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 24th Nov.



ACROSS

1. Brightness appears in the east in a small county (5).
4. Favours the parts of the garden with the finer mixture in them (9).
9. A fellow who takes one's part (5).
10. This Irishman must learn make-up (9).
11. Standard for a clown (10).
12. Little woman in the town of Bethlehem (4).
14. Be to the fore as a politician (5).
15. Married and supported (8).
18. Interpretation of the metamorphosis of six geese (8).
20. Wrong a young lady (5).
24. Wherein lies the strength of the west (4).
25. One is level (10).
27. One of the fair-skinned races has a high temperature? (5, 4).
28. The wife wants me to be a playwright (5).
29. In dress it takes the lead (3, 6).
30. Sorry, but there is no river for the wading bird (5).

DOWN

1. Give permission for a banned magazine (6).
2. Give a rendering and murder it to boot (7).
3. Union organiser seems to have a light task (10).
4. Christian's vessel for alms (6).
5. The speed of the retreat (8).
6. "——, two lips, indifferent red" (4).
7. Counts the issues (7).
8. Protection from two kinds of temperature (8).
13. Terrifying vessel (10).
16. Given away and married with most perfect love (8).
17. The Congreve character is a sound thing after one has turned over the margin (8).
19. Making level time (7).
21. More penniless writer (7).
22. Means of carrying the young (6).
23. Firmly stick me in the money (6).
26. Contemporary of Plato? Not I! (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 72

WHITSUN COLD WAR
ONUO O EH I
MODERATOR THING
BEMEP HTH
OXFORD MOVEMENT
P U R CA
ASHEN GRADATION
ROT R L TG
EURASIANS LOYAL
NS P I E
THEWISEVIRGINS
HWD S N A A U
OTHER MAMSTRING
OIIO A OVL
DEPOSIT NURSERY

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 72

Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Woodworth (Hollywood, U.S.A.), H. R. Winter (Leicester), W.O.1. J. Brown (Oslo).

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IMPORTANT Jewish organisation requires person able to take charge of information and public relations work. Journalistic qualifications and knowledge of Hebrew and Yiddish necessary. Good English education essential. Write Box 3273.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by frequent competitive interviews. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist at present for candidates who have specialised in palæobotany, invertebrate fossils and foraminifera. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted. For Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1953 (up to 31 for permanent Officers). Inclusive London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers (men), £917–£1,075; (women) £681–£917; Scientific Officers (men) £440–£812; (women) £440–£576; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes (men) £440–£760; (women) £440–£576. Women's rates under review. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/53 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/53, S.128/53 for the other posts. Completed application forms to be returned on or before December 31, 1953.

WANTED: lady expd. in School organisation to become deputy Headmistress or partner in a new Girls' Senior Private School in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. A long established Junior School is now developing its senior department. The post offers great opportunity for an educationalist of experience and enthusiasm. Particulars from: Mrs. B. M. Anderson, M.A., Oxon, Chisipite School, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia.

INTERNATIONAL Jewish Child Care & Health organisation requires for its office in Great Britain a Public Relation Officer and Appeals Organiser. Candidates should have a high standard of education and good knowledge of communal affairs. Public speaking and literary ability to prepare publicity material essential. Apply, with full particulars, to British O.S.E. Society, 109-111 Stamford Hill, London, N.16.

REQUIRED for India competent assistant with full practical experience of biscuit manufacture. Please apply in the first instance, stating age, whether single or married, details of experience, when free, and remuneration expected. Box 2905.

OPENINGS exist for men between 21 and 30 to train as General Secretaries. First essentials: sense of Christian vocation, good education, leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth. Write giving particulars of experience and qualifications to Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.As, 112 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Competitions Editor in India. Preference will be given to those possessing specialised knowledge in Commonsense and similar Crossword Puzzles and qualified to administer the work of the department. Please apply in the first instance, stating age, whether married or single, details of experience and remuneration expected, to Box 2904.

MIDDLE-Aged women, interested in food and able to cook, required by London and Provincial Restaurant Group for Managress training. Write giving personal particulars and details of previous employment to Box 3271.

GRADUATE in modern languages, preferably with knowledge of German, French, Spanish and Italian, required January for London college to teach English to foreigners. Previous teaching experience an advantage. English national essential. Box 3288.

TECHNICAL Film Unit requires secretary/shorthand-typist/production manager; long hours; much responsibility. Box 3344.

SHORTHAND-Typist required at Psychiatric Clinic. Interesting work, congenial conditions, staff canteen. Salary on Grade A, viz.: £215 p.a. at age 19, rising to £390 p.a. (£305 at age 25 and over). Applications to Secretary, Tavistock Clinic, 2 Beaumont Street, W.1.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PINEWOOD requires teacher, undermatron, cook, handyman—see Schools advert. Elizabeth Strachan, Anwellbury, Ware, Herts. Ware 52.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

BOOKMAN, 52, experienced bookshop management, public librarianship, requires resp. admin. position bookstrade publishing journalism; knowledge cataloguing, bibliography, research, editing, public school; creative & critical work published. Box 3132.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

RETD. Indian (British American qualifications) seeks post, admin., social services, warden, technical, whatnot. Box 3225.

SEC., 25, trnd. I.C.S., 130/65, excel. Fr., knowl. Ger., sks. post, pref. in Welfare Organ. or (non-Communist) T.U. Reas. nr. Reg. St. Poly. Expd. T.U. work. Can work on own initiative. Min. £8. Box 3341.

EDUC. yng. lady, misfit, reqs. interesting post where initiative rqd. Box 3260.

WELFARE & Personnel Officer (female), aged 34, fully qualified, 8 years experience, seeks position with London firm holding progressive outlook. Box 3252.

LADY, 30s, educ., capable, smart appearance, good organiser, seeks day part-time work London. Not domestic. Box 1550.

INTELLIGENT young librarian (f.), office experience, responsible, hard worker, teachable, seeks interesting job. Commencing salary about £400. Box 3228.

WELL-educated, good appearance, excellent typist, English and German. Best references. Suitable part-time position. 10 to 3. Box 3301.

WHERE TO STAY

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest gives you comfort, good food and a friendly atmosphere. Club licence. The best air in Sussex and a little spoiling will work wonders if you have been ill. Sharpthorne 17.

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CHRISTMAS in the country, with good food, pleasant companionship, homely atmosphere, every comfort and convenience amidst delightful surroundings. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263).

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms., 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. 6gns. weekly, inclusive.

CONVALESCENCE or Rest? Winter holiday? All those needing warmth and comfort in "Britain's Best Winter Climate" (town claim) should write for informative brochure. Early enquiry advised (fully booked most last winter) 4½/6½gns. twin-bedded rooms; £5 18s./£8 single rooms (according floor and size). All prices inc. gratuities, afternoon tea, fresh fruit daily, baths, htg. in bedrooms (cent. htg. everywhere). Slumberlands, h. & c.; two Lounges, Bkfst. in bed. No lift. Meat or Vegetarian. Small, well-appointed, friendly hotel rec. by readers (references gladly). Phone Hastings 4784. Normanhurst P. Hotel, Seatront, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best pos. 3-mile Prom., opp. covered walk. Nr. Sun Lounge orchestra, also London Philharmonic.

SPECIAL Offer, November! Of interest to those who must avoid inland fogs and mists. Twin-bedded top-floor rooms, £3 13s. 6d. wkly.; singles £4 14s. 6d.; incl. everything as Normanhurst advert above.

ROTTINGDEAN, Near Brighton, famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, 25s. per day and 7gns. p.w. Central heating. Telephone 3120. Brochure. Proprietor: Donald Chapman, M.P.

ST. Ives, Cornwall. Fifty per cent of our guests are non-vegetarians who come because they like the food. "Woodcote" is warm, bright and beautifully situated. All rooms h. & c., some have cent. heating. Home-grown produce, 100% wholesome tasty food. Mr. & Mrs. Woolfrey, "Woodcote," Lelant, Cornwall. Hayle 3147.

THE Continental (recommended by Labour Pty.) St. Leonards-on-Sea, Hastings 4571.

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PENSION Thelia. Pleasant garden, near Pantheon. 25s. daily. Reduction for meals not taken. 75 Rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris, V.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Pelican History of Art": The next two volumes will be published November 17. "Art and Architecture in France, 1500-1700," by Anthony Blunt; "Architecture in Britain, 1530-1830," by John Summerson. 42s. each. Illustrated Prospectus: Penguin Books Ltd., Harmondsworth, Middx.

"THE Cambridge Journal"—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. November issue now ready. Of all booksellers. 3s. net (40s. p.a.).

"BETTER Schools Now." Peggy Jay's challenging and helpful book for parents. 3s. 6d. from bookshops/stalls or (with 2d. postage) from Turnstile Press, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BRITISH Guiana. "Iron Hand & Wooden Head," an indictment of Oliver Lyttelton by Emrys Hughes, M.P., 4½d. post free. 2s. 6d. doz., Peace News, 3 Blackstock Rd., N.4.

"THE Choice Before South Africa," by E. S. (Solly) Sachs; revised and up-to-date paper edition 5s. (inc. postage 5s. 6d.). Order from E. S. Sachs, 21 Strutton Ground, London, S.W.1. ABBey 3770.

THE Economists' Bookshop, 11-12 Clement's Inn Passage, London, W.C.2, invites you to submit lists of books on Economics, History, and Social Sciences, you may wish to sell (periodicals excluded).

"ENDURING Passion" by Dr. Marie Stopes. 7s. 6d. 108 Whitfield St., W.1.

"EASTERN World," the leading monthly on S.E. Asia, Far East. £1 5s. p.a., single copies 2s. 45 Dorset St., W.1.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity."—A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended."—Daily Mail. By post 8s. from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

SELL Encyclopædia Britannica, latest edition, unused: £70? Box 3261.

ARISTOPHANES. "Peace" and "Lysistrata." New translations by D. Alastos, with introduction. 10s. 6d. "Zeno," 6 Denmark Street, W.C.2. TEM. 2522.

"140 Jewish Marshals, Generals and Admirals," by E. Rubin. 300 pp., 130 illustrations, 21s. from all booksellers or send cheque or P.O. to De Vere Books, 35 Buckland Crescent, London, N.W.8.

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WE want material on Chartism, Socialism, Marxism, Trotsky, etc. Any language. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. Riv. 6807.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sats. 6 & 8.30, Sun., November 15, Members only 7.45. "The Government Inspector," Gogol.

IRVING, Leicester Sq. WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Sing for Your Supper" (Second edition), a topical intimate Revue. Licd. till midn't. Menus. 5s.

THE Group Theatre opens its season on Sunday, November 22, with one performance of a new play, "A Publican's Story," at the New Theatre. Membership 1s. Particulars from 5 Goodwin's Ct., W.C.2. (TEM. 7631).

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391.) "The Rosenbergs." Weds.-Suns. 7.30, Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a. Admission 2s. 6d.-5s. 6d.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Indefinitely: Griffiths' "Intolerance" (U London).

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Nov. 15, 7.30. "Cuori Senza Frontiere" (A).

NAT. Film Th., Sth. Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Nov. 14. "Philadelphia Story" (A) Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart & Cary Grant. 1.30, 3.45, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

PULLMAN Cinema. Opp. Herne Hill Station. BRI. 3153. Rebecca (A). Nov. 15 for 7 days: Behind Closed Shutters (X).

SCALA Theatre. Soviet films "Peter the Great" and "Festival of Youth" (cultural programme of the Berlin World Youth Festival). 7.30, Mon., Nov. 16. Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d. from Ed. Cttee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1, or Theatre, Charlotte St., W.1. Cash and s.a.e. with order.

ILFORD New Era Film Society present "The Young Chopin" (Poland) and Other Musical Films, Tuesday, November 17, 8 p.m., Seven Kings Library.

HOUNSLOW Peace Movement presents "The Condemned Village" Fri. Nov. 20, 7.45, at The Council House. 6d.

CHILDREN'S Films, Soviet show. Sat., Nov. 14, 2.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14, Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 2s. 6d. (students & S.C.R. 2s., children 1s.).

GRAND West Indian Dance, Saturday, Nov. 14, at the Royal Hotel, Woburn Place. Sunny McKenzie, Joe Harriett and the Caribbean Rhythm Boys. Org. by the Caribbean Labour Congress L.B. All welc.

DANCING every Saturday evening. West End Band. Licd. bar, refreshments. Mems. 2s. 6d. Visitors 4s. 6d. Club room open daily (Membership). I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. GRO. 6186.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Poetry Reading, November 20, 8.15. Poems by Cecil Day Lewis read by himself and Jill Balcon, also poems by contributors to "Chanticleer." Members 2s., Guests 3s.

ERWIN Stein will speak on Benjamin Britten's Operas, assisted by Joan Cross, Peter Pears, Frederick Sharp and Robert Keys at Three Arts Club, 35 Gt. Cumberland Pl. W.1. Sun. Nov. 22 at 8. Dets.: Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Tuesday, November 17 at 8.0 p.m. First Performance in England of Stravinsky's Cantata (1952); and "Façade" (poems by Edith Sitwell, music by William Walton). Soloists: Joan Cross, Arda Mandikian, Peter Pears. The English Opera Group Ensemble, Conductor, Paul Sacher. Tickets: 12s. 6d. to 3s. from the Box Office. (WAT. 3191.)

ROYAL Festival Hall (Recital Room), Piano Recital by Eric Harrison, Nov. 15, at 7.45. Bach-Busoni, Beethoven "Waldstein," Franck, Schumann, Schubert, Rachmaninoff. Tickets (8s., 5s., and unreserved 2s. 6d.) from Royal Festival Hall (Wat. 3191).

ROYAL Festival Hall, Mon. & Tues. 23 & 24 Nov., at 8 p.m. Vienna Octet (members of Vienna Philharmonic Orch.) Works by Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven, Brahms and Michael Haydn. WATerloo 3191.

"PIMPINONE," opera by Telemann. Stage performance in English. Also Psalm 117 and Concerto Grosso. Patricia Hughes, Norman Platt. Prod.: Archie Harradine. Cond.: Walter Bergmann. Mary Ward Hall, 5 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Friday, Nov. 13, Sat., Nov. 14 at 7.30. Tickets 5s.

POULENC and Tailleferre will accompany Denise Duval (de l'Opéra). Raymond Amade (de l'Opéra-Comique) and Bernard Lefort in "Airs d'Opéras Français" to be introduced by the Earl of Harewood at the 78th Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Wed., Nov. 25, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. to 10s. Box Office, WEL. 2141.

FERNANDO Germani plays Bach, Gabrieli, Merulo, Frescobaldi and Reger at St. Peter's, Eaton Sq., S.W.1, on Thurs. next, Nov. 19, 8 p.m. For the Organ Music Society. Adm. by programme 3s.

EXHIBITIONS

BOOKS from Germany (G.D.R.). Interesting technical, art and school books, classics & novels. Scientific work trans. from Russian. Exhibition at Collet's Book Gallery, 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Daily 11-6.30. Suns. 2-5. Adm. Free. Open November 2-28.

COLOUR Lithographs by The Senefelder Club at the A.I.A. Gallery, Leicester Sq., daily 11-6, Sat. inc., Nov. 16-Nov. 30.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

ROMAN Portrait Busts. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Nov. 29. Week-days 10-6, Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s. Closed Saturday afternoon, Nov. 14.

THREE Arts Centre, 35/35a Gt. Cumberland Place, W.1. Paintings by the Painters' Group from the I.C.A. November 19 to December 1 (closed Nov. 21). Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Paintings by Charles Pulsford and Recent Works by Scottie Wilson, closing Nov. 14. From Nov. 17: Collectors' Choice—19th and 20th Century Paintings.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Santomaso. Sculpture by Marlow Moss. Until December 4.

WILLIAM Hartwell, Paintings. Green & Abbott Ltd., 35 St. George St., W.1. Nov. 12-Dec. 11. Mon.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 10-12.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. "The Intimate Life of Paul Klee": Drawings & Watercolours 1908-1940. Nov. 19-Dec. 30. Daily 11-6, closed Sundays. Members free, non-members 1s.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Chinese Paintings by Prof. Chao Shao-An & Lydia Chao Ling-Fang. Closes Nov. 14. Also French Masters Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. First London Exhibition of paintings by Guerrier and pochoirs by Gino Severini. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes Nov. 28.

ROUND The Table. C.o.I.D. Exhbtn.—Mod. mealtime settings. Div. 10.30-6. Sats. 12.30. Free. Tea Centre, Lwr. Regent St.

O'HANA Gallery, 13 Carlos Place, W.1. Exhibition of Paintings by Jane Lane, Sculpture by John Burch; also French Impressionists. Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. The Renaissance of the Fish.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by Rene Magritte. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

RENEL Gallery, 40-41 Burlington Arcade, W.1. Paintings by Pikelny. Daily 10-5.30 p.m. Sats. 10-1 p.m.

BRIGHTON, Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, London, W.1. New Paintings by Francis Bacon. First Exhibition by Derrick Greaves.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square. Exhibition of recent Paintings by Sheila Fokes and Robert Fowler.

YUGOSLAV Mediæval Frescoes (replicas). Arts Council Exhibition, Tate Gallery. Open till Dec. 13. Week-days 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BRITISH Guiana—Conference on White Paper & Civil Liberties. Beaver Hall, Mansion House, this Sat., Nov. 14, 2.30-8.0 p.m. Analysis of White Paper. Reply by Dr. Cheddi Jagan. Discussion on civil liberty issues which arise. Delegates' credentials 2s. 6d., Visitor's Tickets 1s., from Nat. Council Civil Liberties, 46 Westbourne Grove, W.2, or at door.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy., Wed., Nov. 18. Geoffrey de Freitas, M.P. "An Atlantic Council and European Influence on American Policy." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. 7.30. Visitors 2s.

EAST Africa: Lt. Cdr. Davidson speaks on experiences & observations, 8 p.m., Fri., Nov. 20. Small Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Australian-N.Z. Civ. Lib. Soc.

LADY Megan Lloyd George will speak on "Equal Pay To-day—the Rate for the Job," at Caxton Hall, Westminster, Fri., Nov. 20, 7 p.m. Fawcett Society Open Meeting.

EUROPE'S Danger Spot! Hear Gordon Schaffer on German Re-armament, the threat to Poland's Western Territories and the danger these constitute to the whole world. Thursday, Nov. 19, 7.45. Rimts. All welcome. British-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1.

DEBATE: "The original objects of Trades Unions have outlived their purpose." Speakers: Bob Darke and others. November 24. Details: London Citizens' Forum, 144 High Holborn, W.C.1.

THE London Jewish Society. Rabbi Dr. S. M. Lehrman on "Judaism an ethical approach to life." Thurs., Nov. 19, 8 p.m. Arts Theatre Club, Gt. Newport St., Leics. Sq. All welc. Visitors 2s. 6d.

INDIAN Students' Send-off to Harry Pollitt going to India. Speakers Palme Dutt, etc. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (Nr. Victoria Stn.). Sat., Nov. 21, 7.30. Adm. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LUNCH-Time Discussion: Rt. Hon. J. Griffiths, M.P., Stephen King-Hall, Sydney Bailey on "Parliamentary Government in the Colonies." Caxton Hall, S.W.1. November 19, 12.30-2 p.m. Tickets (including lunch) 4s. from Hansard Society, 39 Millbank, S.W.1, or at door.

"THE Labour Party and the United Nations." Speakers: Fenner Brockway, M.P., James Avery Joyce and Reginald Sorenson, M.P. Mon., November 16, 7.30 p.m., at the Alliance Hall, Palmer St., S.W.1. Labour Peace Fellowship. Adm. free.

COMMERCIAL Television. Public debate under the auspices of the Association for Education in Citizenship, Caxton Hall, Westminster, Thursday, November 19, 8 p.m. Speakers:—Lord Hailsham (for National Television Council), Ted Kavanagh (for Popular Television Association). Chairman, Lord Milverton, G.C.M.G. Adm. free. Res. seats 2s. 6d. Sec., Association for Education in Citizenship, 14 Kendall Place, W.1.

SPEAKERS from Conservative, Labour, Liberal, Communist youth organisations will discuss questions put by audience. Sunday, Nov. 15, 7.30 p.m. 57 Eton Ave., Swiss Cottage, N.W.3. Adm. 1s. (members 6d.). Visitors welcome. The Hyphen.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "The Will-to-Power in Adlerian Psychology," Dr. N. R. Beattie, 7.30 p.m. punctually, Fri., November 20. Friends' House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Non-members 2s.

PERSONALIST Group. Dr. W. A. MacIlrath on "Psycho-Surgery and Other Methods of Modern Psychiatric Treatment," Wed., Nov. 18, Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

PROGRESSIVE Business Men's Forum. "The Next Labour Government." A talk by the Rt. Hon. John Strachey, M.P. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 7.45 p.m. at the Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Reservations MAYfair 4245.

LEO Tolstoy Memorial Meeting. Henry Gifford, Chair; Prof. C. L. Wrenn. Thurs., Nov. 19, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students and S.C.R. 1s.).

CREATIVE Writing: Dec. 4-6. Write for programme fr. Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

NEW Generation Group of Hampstead Ethical Soc. now meets Mondays at 8 at Stanfield House, Prince Arthur Rd., N.W.3 (nr. Hampstead Tube). Nov. 16, George Miles: "Dianetics."

DISCUSSION: "Education for World Community." Fri., Nov. 20, 8.15. All welcome. No collns. London Branch, Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queens Gdns., W.2.

POLYTECHNICAL Education in U.S.S.R. Eric Godfrey. Tues., Nov. 17, 6 p.m. (Tea from 5.30). S.C.R. lecture at College of Preceptors, 3 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1. Adm. free.

MITCHAM. John Gollan, member Political Committee Communist Party, speaks on "A New Policy for Labour" at the Baths Hall, Wed., Nov. 18, 8 p.m.

"SOVIET Attitude To Arts." G. Alexandrov, S. Obraztsov, John Alexander, Prof. Bernard Stevens, Miles Malleson (engagements permitting). Beaver Hall, Garlick Hill, E.C.4. Sat., Nov. 21, 3-7 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d. Tickets from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8.

"THE Public Interest in Employment of Ability." Symposium. Part II. Speakers Aymeric Straker and Thomas Bottomore. Hamp. Ethical Soc., 78a Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cin. Golders Grn., Sun., Nov. 15, 7.15.

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Lecture 6.30 p.m., Wed., Nov. 18. At Caxton Hall, S.W.1. "That Brahman The Buddha." Mr. P. Mehta. Read "The Middle Way," the Journal of the Buddhist Society.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The human value of the non-human." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2. Sun., Nov. 15, 6.30 p.m.

SWAMI Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall (nr. Holborn) on Thursday, November 19, at 7.30: "Taittiriya Upanishad." All welc.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, at 7 p.m., Nov. 17, E. Batson, "Bernard Shaw: Immoralist and Heretic." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m., Friday, Nov. 20, Robert Plint, "Is Control of Propaganda Desirable?"

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Nov. 15, A. D. Howell Smith, "John Bunyan, the Man and the Writer." Questions after lecture. Adm. free. Chamber Concert 6.30. Adm. 1s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. November 21, at 6 p.m. Mr. G. W. Wagstaffe: "Howlers."

EVALUATION of Improvement in International Relations: week-end at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon: Nov. 27-29.

SHAW Soc.: "I expected another dreary meeting, & I find the liveliest society in London" (Press rep.). Next meeting Dec. 7, 7 p.m., 7 Albemarle Street (incl. Shaw, Brahms-Simon, etc.).

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"THE Poor Law and After." A lecture will be given by S. K. Ruck for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Nov. 16, at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

G. ALEXANDROV on "Soviet Cinema Art." Question & answer. Sat., Nov. 14, 7.30 p.m., at S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 3s. (students & S.C.R. 2s.).

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, Thurs., Nov. 19, 7.30 p.m. Theory of Knowledge; a discussion. Free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

MICHAEL Stewart, M.P., gives the fourth in the Fabian Autumn Lecture series, Tuesday, November 17, 7.15 p.m., at Livingstone Hall, Westminster. Tickets from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1, and at door.

BUDDHISM. The second of three lectures being given by members of the Western Buddhist Order at Friends' House, Euston Road, commences 7.30 p.m. Fri., Nov. 20. Title: "The Buddhist Ideal and Modern Life." Enquiries to BM. Sangha, W.C.1.

AT Pendley. Dec. 12 and 13. "Recording the Orchestra." Lecturers include Stanford Robinson, A. J. Froud (Decca Co.) and W. W. Johnson. Fee £1 15s. For details and programme apply Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. (Tel. 2302).

URCHFONT Manor. Spring Programme of week and week-end courses up till the end of April now available. Selected Courses for January, 1954: Dec. 29-Jan. 3, "Sources in History." Study of original documents and local history. Jan. 15-17, "Africa." A follow-up week-end to B.B.C. series of talks. Jan. 22-24, "Bird Watching in Winter." Details and full Spring Programme from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

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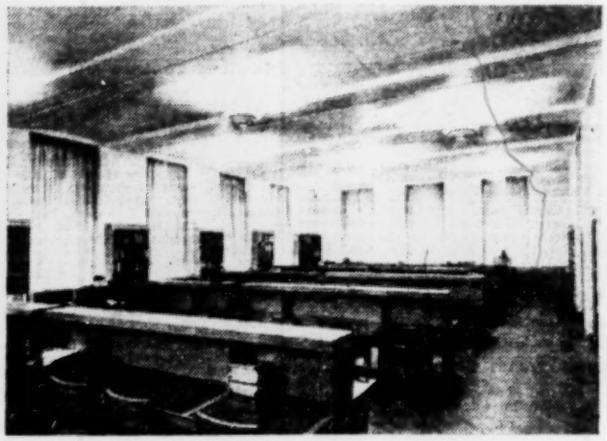

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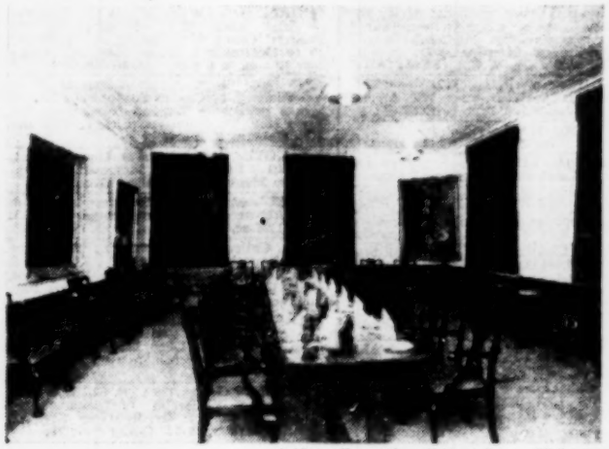

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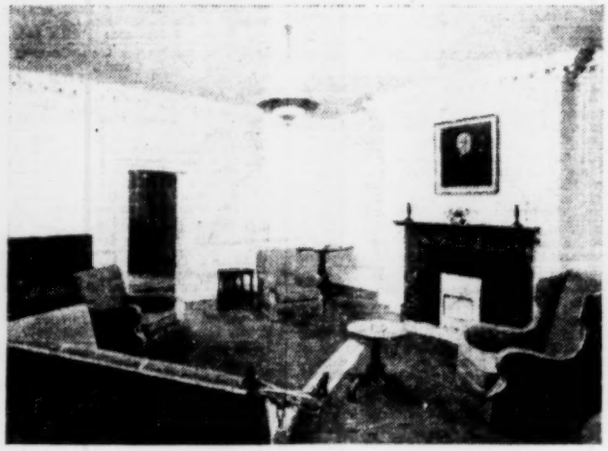

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